THE

PILGRIMS PASS

To the New JERUSALEM

OR,

The serious CHRISTIAN his Enquiries after HEAVEN.

With his Contemplations on himself, reflecting on his Happiness by CREATION, Misery by SIN, Slavery by SATAN; and Redemption by CHRIST.

Together with Observations on the Vanity and Inconstancy of worldly Glory.

And Considerations on the Saint and Sinner, as to their disagreeing conditions and dispositions here, their various Entertainments at Death, and different Rewards after Death.

Relating to those four last and great things, of *Death*, *Judgement*, *Hell*, and *Heaven*.

Seasonable for these Times.

By *M. R.* Gent.

Phil. 3. 14. *I press towards the mark, &c.*
1 Cor. 9. 24. *So run that ye may obtain.*

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To all those that love the Peace of Zion, *and welfare of* Jerusalem, *Grace and Peace be multiplied.*

FRIENDS,

THe Life of a Christian is not onely Speculative but Active, (speculation and action (like the Soul and Body) attend each other in performing the Duties of Christianity.) The most Wise God hath ordered and determined a set time for Man upon earth, to fit and prepare himself for an everlasting condition; how then are we all concern'd to redeem that short time we have allowed us, (which we know not how soon may be taken from us) to enter into a strict examination of our wayes, knowing that one day all our thoughts, words, and actions (even our most

retired and secret sins) shall be exposed to the view both of Men and Angels. O Time, one of the most glorious things that ever God made, how many blessed and glorious Spirits are now in Heaven for making a right use of thee? And how many damned Ghosts are now in Hell for abusing thee, who would now give a thousand worlds (had they so many to dispose of) for to have that opportunity we now enjoy, to improve thee? For mine own part I am but a yong Man, who came into the world but as yesterday, & ere to morrow (for ought I know) may be taken hence: For how many dayes are alloted me upon Earth, none but the Ancient of days know; wherefore during my continuance in this Tabernacle, I desire to walk circumspectly, that when my Lord shall come to call me to a reckoning, I may (like a good steward) be found faithful of the charge committed

mitted to me. You know his doom, that hid his Talent in a Napkin.

It was in this consideration that I did now put Pen to Paper, and raised my contemplations above the things of this world, to those of a better, in order to the gaining and attaining a right and title to that glorious, undefiled, and unfading Inheritance, purchaste for Believers in the highest Heavens.

Let not any taxe me of Ambition for exposing my Lines to Publike view, and my self to open Censure; 'Twas not to get me a Name; but to further the weak Christian in his approaches towards Heaven. Neither let any contemn the Work of this Author, for the Author of this Work; but remember that God can by weak means perform great matters. Ravens (those unclean Birds by the Law) were Caterers to *Elijah* in his

extremity at the Brook *Cherith*, brought him bread and meat to sustain him, he neither scorn'd those strange kinde of Purveyors, or the Viands which they brought, but admired the hand that sent it. The Gifts and Graces of Gods Spirit are not to be slighted where ever found; I speak not this by way of Ostentation, but with a desire that my Readers would judiciously read, ere they rashly censure; and instead of carping at my failings, correct their own; that Love, which covers a multitude of faults, may cast the favourablest construction on mine. 'Tis Charity to judge well of others, and Piety to look well to our selves. If any thing of worth appear in me more then in the meanest person upon earth, attribute it to him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. What have we that we have not received.

And let me further request you, that

that after the clashing of Armor, thunderings of Canons, sound of Drums, and the alarm of Trumpets, you would (in this your day) enquire after your everlasting Peace, and contest no longer about Niceties, Circumstances, and Shadows, (not worth contending for) but for that one thing necessary, which will reward your labours with no less then a Crown.

Our present division is a sad Omen of our future miseries, and our happy unity would abundantly faciliate our desired felicity: I wish we did all practise what we all profess, Faith and Love; we should all procure what we all desire, Truth and Peace: were we all united in the Tri-une-God, we should not be thus divided one from another. The Lord in his good time compose all our Differences, that Malice, Errour, and Debate may return to the cursed Womb, whence

they deriv'd; and all our Strife may end in this, to excel each other in the power of Godlineſs, and Chriſtian Love.

For my Concluſion, let me requeſt you to vouchſafe a ſerious peruſal of this ſmall Manual, and the Lord make it (in ſome meaſure) beneficial to you, (for next the Glory of God, your good is chiefly aimed at by the Author.) And if this finde civil entertainment, I ſhall (if God prolong my life, to finiſh what I have begun) preſent you with ſomething elſe. In the mean time accept this, as the earneſt of his Love, who ſubſcribes himſelf

Your Servant
in our Immanuel,

M. R.

The

The Contents of the following Book.

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6. *Observations on the Vanity and Inconstancy of worldly Glory.*

7. *Considerations on the Saint and Sinner, as to their disagreeing conditions and dispositions here, their various entertainments of Death, and different Rewards after Death, reflecting on the Temporizing Professor; illustrated and interlaced with the Historical Examples of Dying men.*

8. *Godliness bearing its Rewards with it, both here and hereafter; and Sins pursuit of the Sinner to the other world. Of the last Judgement, and those succeeding Events that ensue thereupon. A Meditation on* 1 Tim. 4. 8.

Abra-

To his Judicious Friend, the Author.

TO praise thy Work I need not (though Divine)
It is enough I tell the world, 'twas thine.
Good Wine needs not a Bush, the more I look,
The more I love, the more I like thy Book.
So grave, so wise in Youth, Nature did place
An August *in thy Pen, May in thy Face.*
Even Momus *must confess, 'tis seldom seen,*
The Fruit so sweet, so ripe, the Tree so green:
Many commit a Rape upon the Press,
And on their Readers patience do no less:
This Tract of thine, since Pamphlets so abound,
Is like a Jewel in a Dunghill found.
Who goes about thy Work for to commend,
Knows not where to begin, or where to end.
As for my part, (dear Friend) I cannot tell,
Whether Language, Modesty, or Wit excel.
Go on and prosper still, when time shall shed
Her silver Hairs upon thy aged Head;
Furrowing thy Face with wrinkles, we may say,
In Years, but not in Wit, thou art grown gray.

A. L. Esq.

To his Ingenious Friend, the Author.

IF when our Corps in silent Tombs do rest,
Our Souls of other Bodies are possest,
As old *Pythagoras* did once suppose;
Thy Breast (my Friend) containeth one of those
That, heretofore, was truly thought to be
An *Atlas* to support Divinity.

Like *Aarons* budding Rod, thy youth appears,
Bringing forth Almonds in a Spring of years.
This Paradox may strike a *Momus* mute,
Thy Work's accutely grave, gravely accute:
Thy Phrase not circumflex, each golden Line,
Speaks thee both Rhetorician and Divine.
Let not the Reader think the Work less rare,
Because he sees the Authors Chin is bare;
He wants a Beard 'tis true, what though he do?
The God of Wit, *Apollo*, doth so too.
Be not discourag'd Friend, who ever heard
A Goat was honour'd for his reverend Beard.
Thy blooming Youth doth much advance thy
praise, (Bayes.
Though thy Chin's bare, we'l cover it with

R. W.

To his Friend, the Author.

WHat, shall I write, or shall I silent be,
This makes me blush, and that ingrate
'Tis true, & yet, I ne're made any use (to thee.
Of Helicon Parnassus, or a *Muse*.
Yet I le adventure, though my Verses prove
Their Master ignorant, they'l shew his love.
I care not though the snarling Critick know it,
I am a faithful Friend, although no Poet:
I cannot flatter, yet can truly say,
I have seen a Work far worse from one more gray.
Great are our expectations, Friend, of thee;
If this thy Spring, what will thy Harvest be?
Goon my Friend, and let thy fluent Quill
Render thee more admir'd, more famous still.
Woilst we poor wandring Pilgrims to thee come,
To be directed to our lasting Home.

A. H.

The Author to his Book.

TO seek the wandring Pilgrim, thou must go
Poor little Book, thy fate will have it so.
I pitty thee, for this censorious Age
Will cause thee have a tedious Pilgrimage.
There's some will think thee rash, others will spy
In thee a smack of singularity.
This laughs, and that derides, another scorns,
A wilderness is not without its thorns.
Such is the World, those that will please the times,
Write foolish Pamphlets, or lascivious Rhimes.
Thy Subject is Divine, thy Errand is
To guide th' enquiring Sojournez to Bliss.
Thy habit's poor and mean, what then, we see
That painted Windows less transparent be.
Thy Matter, of gorgeous Robe, will not allow,
The Pilgrim's cloath'd in gray, and so must thou.
The Staff thou hast to lean upon must be
The ingenious Readers Candid courtesie.
Then go, if thy success be not too bad,
Ile send thee forth, e're long, far better clad.

THe Courteous Reader may be pleas'd to take notice, that by reason of the Authours absence from the Press, (and the huddling up in such haste the Composure, in that he was forc'd to write as fast as the Press went) there are several Faults committed, as the wrong placing of Parenthesis, Colons, Full-stops, &c. here a word too much, and there a word too little, which the sense will bring in, and I hope thy Candour past by. But one notorious fault there is, which I thought good to advise thee of, and 'tis in the very face of the Book. In the very beginning of the first Discourse (viz. of Abrahams Profession, and the Pilgrims Condition, page 1.) there is so much left out, that without its supply I might seem to infringe upon the borders of Non-sense, altogether it must run thus:

This Book of *Genesis* (the first that stands on Sacred Record) contains in it the various and remarkable passages of Gods Providence towards the sons of men. The first twelve Chapters presents us, &c. Thus craving thy pardon for this and all other Faults in this Book, I commend it to thy perusal, and thee to Gods protection. Vale.

Abraham

Abrahams Profession,

AND THE

Pilgrims Condition:

OR,

The inquiring Sojourner directed.

A Meditation on *Gen.* 23. 4. *I am a Stranger and a Sojourner among you.*

THis Book of *Genesis*, the first twelve Chapters presents us with the History of the Worlds Creation, the fall of *Adam*, the desolation of the Sons of *Adam* by a deluge, the replanting a new World, and the confusion of Languages. From the twelfth Chapter to the five and twentieth, you have the History of the Patriarch *Abraham*, whose many trials and troubles (so chear-

chearfully underwent, and so patiently indured for God) doth sufficiently demonstrate his zeal and proclaims his praises to succeeding generations (as a worthy president for after ages.) We first finde that he was the Son of *Terah*, and what *Terah* was, and where he lived, is soon found, and as easily determined. *Terah* was a stranger to the true God, and a server of strange Gods, (Idols and no Gods) Gods made with hands, even the Gods of the Nations, and he lived on the other side of *Jordan*, where *Abrahams* God was neither worshipt nor known: *Abraham* the son of such a Father, of such an Idolatrous Family, and Nation, is summoned by the most high God (as yet unknown to *Abraham*) to leave his Country, kindred, and Fathers house, to go into a Land that he would shew him. This was a strange kinde of injunction, what? to leave his Fathers house, his near relations, and his dear countrey, to wait upon the commands of a God, whom neither himself or his Father ever knew, to go into a voluntary exile, he knew not whither (and for he knew not what!) *Ulisses* thought it his greatest misery to be banisht

baniſht his native ſoil, and thought all aire odious but that in which he firſt breathed. The *Perſians* were better pleaſed with beholding the ſmoak of their own chimneys then with the greateſt honours of forreign Countreys; yet *Abraham* readily forſakes all for God, and chearfully attends his commands, (though he knew neither the aim or end of his Journey;) he ſtood not to diſpute the caſe with God, but conform'd himſelf to the will of God, and ſteered his courſe by the Card of his directions; ſo to the Land of *Canaan* (in the courſe of his obedience) at laſt he comes; (that Land flowing with Milk and Honey, (after for his faithfulneſs) was the inheritance of his ſeed.) From thence he paſſes into *Egypt*, and no ſooner is he arived there, but his Wives beauty occaſions his diſcontent; the King of *Egypt* takes her from him: ſhe is no ſooner reſtored him, but forth of *Egypt* he goes, and now another miſchance befalls him. The increaſe of his Flocks occaſion a difference 'twixt himſelf and his kinſman *Lot*, (or rather 'twixt their Herdſmen) but having wiſely and happily made up this breach, and

Lot

Lot no sooner settled in the fertile plains of *Sodom*, but is taken prisoner by the Kings of *Elam*, *Shinar*, *Ellasar*, and *Tidal* King of Nations. And now *Abraham* is as much perplext about his Cosins Rescue, as he was before in composing the difference 'twixt their Herdsmen: well having waded through this difficulty also, and though a rich man, and now at peace, something is yet wanting to crown his wealth; his Wife *Sarah* (though fair) is barren, and he thinks God deals very hardly with him in denying him a Son to possess that after him, which by Gods providence and his own dilligence he had brought together. At last (in part to gratifie his desires) God gives him a Son, but such a one as the Jews define him, a Son and no Son, an *Ishmael* not an *Isaac*; not the promised Son, not he in whom all the Nations of the World should be blessed. At last he hath an *Isaac*, but that he might not want a continual supply of crosses to try his faith, and exercise his patience, his Son *Isaac* (so long promised, and with such longing expectation desired) must die, and a violent and cruel death must put a period to his new

life;

life: to the further aggravation of the circumstances, *Abrahams* hands must execute him (and shew himself not a Father but a Murderer; and no sooner had God prepared a Ram for *Isaacs* rescue, but *Abraham* must banish *Hagar* and his Son *Ishmael*; and no sooner is this over, and the tears wipt from his eyes, but behold a greater mischance (like *Jobs* messengers) comes in the neck of it; his beloved *Sarah* dyes in *Hebron*, in the land of *Canaan*, in the hundred and twenty seventh year of her age, whereupon *Abraham* with his heart full of grief, and his eyes full of tears, makes his Apology to the Sons of *Heth*, for a burying-place for *Sarah*, and that he might the better speed in this his so reasonable and seasonable request, he suits his expressions in the garb of the Text; *I am a stranger and a sojourner among you; Give me a possession of a burying-place, that I may bury my dead out of my sight.*

I could take this Scripture by the four corners (like that sheet that was let down to Saint *Peter*) and present you with a four-fold discourse, of Death, of Tears, of Pilgrimage, and the Grave: first

of

of death, *and Sarah dyed.* Secondly, of tears, *and Abraham wept for Sarah.* Thirdly, of Pilgrimage, here's *Abraham* unfolding his condition. Fourthly, of the Grave, here is *Abraham* purchaſing a Grave for *Sarah*, which is the Pilgrims Manſion, or the houſe of Death: but I ſhall ſingle out one of theſe, and onely keep to that, *viz. Abrahams* Profeſſion, as being moſt ſutable to my condition, and all of yours, (the Readers) *I am a ſtranger and a Sojourner among you.* But was this language for *Abraham* when treating with *Hittites* for *Sarahs* Grave, to diſcourſe of his own mortality, or what is this his profeſſion of his own condition to the obtaining his requeſt of them? had it not been more proper for him to have ſet forth himſelf in the equipage of a Prince, then in ſo low a form, as that of a Pilgrim, as being moſt ſutable for ſo great a perſon. Mean men ſeldome crave when they have money in their hands to buy; and great men are apt to command: how comes it then to paſs that ſo eminent a perſon as *Abraham* ſhrouds himſelf under ſo low a ſtile as that of a Sojourner?

Is

Is not this that *Abraham* that was the son of *Terah*, the brother of *Nahor*, the Father of the Faithful, and the friend of God; that was famous for many excellent graces that shined in him? he was famous for his Faith, famous for his Hope, and famous for his Charity.

First, he was famous for his Faith, in obeying the Commands of a God, then strange to him, and leaving his Fathers house to wander in a strange Land, and expose himself to all the hazards and hardships, as usually attend such Journeys; and to go so far out of his own knowledge to a Country unknown both to himself and his Fathers. Again, he was famous for his Faith, in not mistrusting Gods omnipotency, in that he did stedfastly believe that God was able to quicken *Sarahs* dead Womb, to bring him a Son in his old age; and when God sent him that Son, (so long desired, expected, and prayed for, to be the hope of Nations, out of whose Loins (according to the flesh) the Saviour of the World was to proceed;) and when God commanded him to take this Son, (*Abrahams* Joy and *Sarahs* Jewel, conceived beyond Nature, and born to do great things) and with

with his own hands to butcher him. Here was the tryal of *Abrahams* Faith, and an injunction above the grant of nature; had it been but an ordinary private person, whose birth had not been attended with so many remarkable Promises and Prophecies, yet even in this, to one that had both Promises and Prophecies of future happiness, *Abrahams* obedience eccho's to Gods Commands, though 'twere to frustrate and make void those former predictions: *Abraham* was confident that if God should take this from him, he was able to raise him another out of his ashes. Posterity may admire his faithfulness, but not parallel it.

Secondly he was famous for his Hope, in that he was assuredly confident that not one Word from God should fall to the ground unaccomplisht, but that he would make good all those gracious promises he had made; that he should be Lord of that famous and flourishing Countrey the Land of *Canaan*, and that his seed should possess it; and that in them should all the Nations of the world be blessed.

Thirdly, famous for his Charity; first, to his servants in general: *I know* (saith God) *that Abraham will instruct his ser-*

vants

vants, &c. Famous for his love to one, in that he intented to make him Heir of his house; famous for his love to *Hagar*, in that he parted not with her without tears, though he had Gods approbation for her banishment: famous for his love to his Nephew *Lot*, in that he would not admit of any discord 'twixt their herdsmen, and hazarded his life to rescue him out of the hands of those Triumphant Kings that took him captive: famous for his love to his Son *Ishmael*, in praying so cordially for him; *Oh that Ishmael might live in thy sight*: famous for his love to his Sons by *Keturah*, in giving them their portions when he sent them away: famous for his love to his Son *Isaac*, in making him Heir of all his wealth: Lastly, famous for his love to his Wife *Sarah*, (for his respect to her living, and that living affection to her memory which out-lived her) as appears by the Religious care he had to purchase her a Grave, (in that Countrey which their posterity were after to be Lords of) which as he would not without cost, so he could not treat of it without tears. Then *Abraham* stood up from before his dead, (whose he had been weeping) and requested

queſted the Sons of *Heth* to ſell him a burying place, that he might bury his dead out of his ſight: he was famous for his uprightneſs, in that he would not take to the value of a ſhoe-latchet from thoſe heathen Kings whoſe perſons, and all they had, were at his diſpoſal, as the ſpoil of war: Famous for his near and dear Communion with God, in that he talkt familiarly with him as a man with his friend. (In a word) he was a man ſo famous, that before him the world had not his fellow, nor hath it ſince ſcarce produc't his parallel; yet in courting the Sons of *Heth*, he ſets forth himſelf in no other language then this, *I am a ſtranger and a ſojourner among you.*

Hence we are to obſerve, that here the beſt of men are but Pilgrims; the truth of which the Scriptures doth abundantly confirme: witneſs old *Jacob*, who being brought into King *Pharaohs* preſence, makes an ingenious confeſſion; Few and evil have been the dayes of thy ſervants Pilgrimage, and have not attained to the dayes of my Fathers in their Pilgrimage; (ſo his Fathers were Pilgrims as well as he.) *Job* cries out that his dayes are ſwifter then the ſwifteſt creatures, either

in

in the Earth, Air, or Sea, then an Eagle, Poſte, or ſhip; and tells us, that man that is born of a woman is of few dayes, and full of trouble. A life no leſs ſhort then painful, ſhort enough, for 'tis meaſured out not by weeks, moneths, or years, but dayes, and miſerable too; for 'tis as natural for frail mortalls to be ſufferers, as for ſparks to fly upwards. And *David* being ready to take his laſt farewel of this world, ſaith, I go the way of all the earth; intimating that all men, as well as he, were to paſs through the gates of death; expreſſing the condition of his Fathers to be nothing different from his; *I am a ſtranger and a ſojourner with thee, as all my Fathers were. Iſaiah* proclaims all fleſh to be graſs, and their glory as fading, as the flower of the field: and this great *Patriarck* in the text, *I am a ſtranger and a ſojourner among you.*

Hence we may further obſerve that the Saints of God in all ages (being throughly poſſeſt of their own mortality) have ever entertained the meaneſt thoughts of themſelves: *Abraham* ſtiles himſelf duſt and aſhes; *Jacob* tearms himſelf, leſs then the leaſt of Gods bleſſings; *David*, a worm and no man; and the Son of

Da-

David expresseth himself low enough, or beneath himself, (as some think, for many in these dayes deride and scorn the title) I the preacher was King in *Jerusalem*. *Isaiah*, a man of polluted lips. *Jer.* a child. And the great Doctor of the Gentiles, the least of the Apostles.

How hard a lesson is this to learn, Humility is a grace contrary to most mens humors, out of fashion, or at least request in these times; for now most men offer that violence to modesty, as to make their tongues the trumpets of their own praises, (though they have none to brag of.) He is no body that cannot set forth himself without anothers help, and on occasion smooth up others too with titles above their deservings. When King *Josiah* past by the Grave of that Old Prophet, he demanded what Inscription that was; and may not we be as well startled at the inscribing and attributing high titles to popular greatnes (beyond the lines, either of civility to tender, or humility to accept) which argues the givers folly, and the receivers pride. Young *Elihu* was of a better minde, he would not give high titles to any, lest his maker in fury should snatch him away. *Job* 32. 22. Thus

Thus having ſhewed what we are; (that we are all ſtrangers and ſojourners upon earth) I now come to ſhew what we are to do, and in order to the making our Pilgrimage happy, and ſafely to arive at the bleſſed home, as will make thoſe eternally ſo that reach it; be pleaſed to take notice of theſe five directions,

Firſt, to be mindeful of your home.

Secondly, chooſe the beſt guides.

Thirdly, ſet out betimes and hold out to the end.

Fourthly, ſort your ſelves with the beſt company.

Laſtly, I adviſe you as *Joſeph* did his Brethren:

Take heed that ye fall not out by the way,

To the firſt. Travellers uſe not to ſtand gazing or loitering on the way, or to be drawn aſide to behold Novelties; they riſe up early and come to their Inne late, and travel hard to get home-wards; nor are they ſatisfied till they reach it. And ſhall not we that are Chriſtians (upon a better account) be as mindeful of our home; it being ſuch a home that as far tranſcends the ſtatelieſt habitation here, as the higheſt Heavens doth the low-

eſt earth; ſuch a home as the quickeſt and ſharpeſt eye would be dazled with beholding but a Glimpſe of its glory, and the eloquenteſt tongue or pen (that ever was) comes infinitely ſhort to deſcribe it. The great Apoſtle (who had once a view of that glory) comes ſomething near in deſcribing it, (but 'tis in the negative, what 'tis not, not what 'tis:) for (ſaith he) Eye hath ſeen, nor ear heard, or the capacity of man apprehend the ſplendor of it. 'Tis ſuch a home as all the Patriarchs, Prophets and Saints of God in all ages have left all to enquire after. This was the City to come, which they had ever in their eye, and wandred about in Sheeps-skins and Goat-skins, deſtitute, afflicted, and tormented to finde out. 'Tis ſuch a home where you ſhall never be troubled with any loathed ſociety, and your beloved company ſhall never be taken from you. No ſtrugling of enemies there; no *David* and *Iſhboſheth* to contend for one Crown; for none but Conquerors; all heads ſhall be adorn'd with Crowns of glory; ſuch as never incircled the Temples of any earthly Monarch. 'Tis ſuch a home where Satan, nor any of his inſtruments ſhall be ever able to moleſt;

leſt; no ſiding or taking of parts there; no Schiſms or Diviſions; no room for Make-bates there: What ſhould ſuch Salamanders do in Heaven? there's a fitter place prepared for ſuch hot ſpirits, (and 'twere well for them if one heat would extinguiſh another) for fire and brimſtone muſt be the portion of their cup. This place is onely for friends to dwell together in unity, and none admitted here, but thoſe that live in peace; here muſt be no ſpirit of Contradiction, no diſſenting Brethren, no Non-conformiſts there, but an unanimous conformity in all; becauſe that here is the God of Peace, and the Peace of God which paſſeth all underſtanding. 'Tis ſuch a home, where you ſhall forthwith behold and enjoy the glorious beatifical Viſion, and be eternally unriddling that Myſtery which Mortality could never reach to, nor Reaſon apprehend, the Tri-une-God, the Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity. There you ſhall ſee the Lamb with his train of Attendants, Cherubims, Seraphims, Principalities, Powers, Thrones, Dominions, Archangels, and Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apoſtles, Martyrs, and Confeſſours, crying, *Holy, holy, holy Lord*

God of Sabbath: And there shall those good Angels which were your Guardians upon earth, be your everlasting Companions in Heaven. (In a word) 'tis such a home where you shall be made perfectly happy; Time shall not rust or diminish your glory, nor adversity with her frowns, ever approach near those Mansions; for you shall be ever in the Sunshine of Gods favour, and your happiness as everlasting as his that made it.

Oh! did we but all consider the shortness of the sweetest pleasure here, in comparison of those endless and eternal joyes that the Saints shall there partake of, and the shortness and smallness of the longest and greatest misery or torture that can be endured here, to the Worm that never dyes, to the fire that is never quencht, to those everlasting torments that shall in full viols be poured upon the wicked in Hell for ever; we should think less of this world, and more to be happy in a better. And this brings me from the first particular observable, to the second. From being mindful of our home, to our choice of Guides to conduct us thither.

Choose the best guides.

These

Theſe guides are in the Old Teſtament called Seers, in the New Overſeers; and theſe are they whom God hath appointed to lead us the way to that home, to which many Saints are already gone in Soul, and many more ſhall in Gods due time arive, and be fully glorified both in ſoul and body. Theſe Seers or Overſeers are thoſe that open the Scriptures, and make plain the way of the Lord, and cauſe his paths to be known to the ſons of men; they are alſo (for their dignity) term'd Ambaſſadors of Chriſt. Chriſts Stewards, Publiſhers of glad Tidings, proclaimers of Salvation, Fellow-workers together with Chriſt, and Miniſters of the Goſpel. Theſe God hath ſet up as lights, that by their ſoundneſs of Doctrine and Integrity of life, many Souls may be recalled from darkneſs unto his marvellous light: they are Cities ſet upon a Hill for men to ſee, and Candles lighted upon candleſticks to light the Traveller the way; and theſe (by their eminency) are (or at leaſt ought to be) Men of excellent qualifications, and rare endowments; (Angelicall perſons, men made up of Heaven) and if we take ſuch

for our guides: we need not fear crooked paths, but may be confident of our way. But because all is not Gold that glisters, nor all such as they seem, it behoves us to be very cautious in the choise of our guides; for if the blinde lead the blinde, whither will they go? The way to Hell is broad and easily found, 'tis a pleasant way beset with Roses, able to intice the foolish Traveller, who is ignorant that it leads to death. And on the contrary, the way to heaven seems to flesh and blood very uncomfortable; a narrow sharp, steep, and unpleasant way, very intricate, long, tedious troublesome and hard to finde; in which many a passer ger hath stumbled, and many a blinde guide lost his way. But that we may be warned by others harms, and reach that which they fell short of; let's bear with the sharpness of the way, and be incouraged by the happiness of the end. The advice of a late ingenuous Author, to this purpose, is worthy your observation. Regard not (saith he) how difficult the passage is, but whither it tends; nor how delicate the journey is, but where it ends. If it be easie, suspect; it if hard, endure it. He that

cannot

cannot excuse a bad way, accuseth this own sloth; and he that sticks in a bad passage, can never attain a good journeyes end. It cannot be denyed, but that many a passenger hath suffered by bad guides, such as have let them go out of their way, and made them believe the pleasantest way was the best; and the poor Traveller not sensible of the mistake, till it hath been too late to talk of returning. But of such we are cautioned to beware; and though they speak never so smoothly, This is the way walk in it, we are to turn our deaf ear to erring Charms of such blinde guides and witless Councellours. And this brings me from the second particular observable, to the third; from the choice of our guides, to our haste in setting out, and perseverance in our course.

Set out betimes, and hold out to the end.

As this Exhortation is two-fold, so shall be my discourse upon it. I shall in the first place apply my self to young men, who (like my self) are but newly risen, or scarce set out. And in the next, humbly address my self to aged persons, who are (or at least ought to be) near their journeys end.

And first to young men, let me request

you to make God and Heaven the conſtant objects of your thoughts; the one of your fear, the other of your love; ſo walk that ye diſpleaſe not the one, and ye need not fear the attaining of the other. Are you ſetting out, loſe no time, remember that many have ſquandred away the morning, and have not reacht their journeyes end ere night; and with thoſe fooliſh Virgins for their tardineſs, have been excommunicated that place of repoſe, where the early Traveller ſafely and in good time ariv'd. An hour in the morning (you know) is worth two at night; and God is better pleaſed with young Zeal then decreped Holineſs. *Joſiahs* forwardneſs makes him renown'd to poſterity, and young *Timothy's* Piety eternizes his name to future generations. Are you on your way, perſevere in your Chriſtian courſe, and think upon the end whilſt ye are at the beginnings (and even now upon the race, have an eye to the recompence) ſo ſhall the ſplendid glory of the one faciliate the irkſome tediouſneſs of the other. Every true Chriſtian (ſaith a learned writer) is a Traveller: His life, his walk, Chriſt his way, and Heaven

Heaven his home: his walk painful, his way perfect, his home pleasing. Let's not therefore loiter, lest we come short of home; nor wander, lest we come wide of home; but be content to travel hard, and to be sure to walk aright, so shall our safe way find its end at home, and our painful walk, make our home welcome. We are all concerned to make our best use of time, lest (too late) we lament the abuse of it; yesterday cannot be recalled, to morrow cannot be assured, to day therefore is onely ours, which if we slight, we lose; which lost, is lost for ever. Young men, remember this, I mean you, whose bodies are strong and healthful, not beset with any sickness or besieg'd with any diseases, nor loaded with those common infirmities incident to old age; consider that you know not how short your time is, your Sun (for any thing you know, may go down in the morning, and your night may fall ere noon. Therefore be early up, and earnest on your way towards home; that if death shall snatch you away in a moment, it may be, onely to waft you to happiness, whilst ye are inquiring after it. *David* rose up early in

the morning and was earnest in his inquiries after this *Jerusalem*, he long'd after it, panted for it, and perpetually did he (during his tedious Pilgrimage in *Mesech*) lift up his hands, with his soul towards it. The Father of the Faithful rose up early too, and did chearfully set out and held out to the end, as all those must do that hope to reach his bosom. Ile now leave the young man on his march, and after a good beginning expect a Perseverance in well doing, and a happy conclusion: And now come and direct my speech to the Ancients, even to you whose decreped bodies, signifie your night at hand, when you shall lie down in the dust, and rest in oblivion, till the last Trumpet shall summon you before that dreadful tribunal. Let me humbly request you now to be inquisitive after the other world; have you trifled away the morning of your day, and all this while not put one foot forward on your journey for Heaven. Let me acquaint you, that it may not now be too late, if you defer no longer; remember, there were some called at the third hour, as well as at the first; and labourors entertained in the evening that were

were rewarded with those that came in the morning. Are you on your way, go chearfully along, and you may yet finish the work of the day ere the approaches of the night; wherefore be not weary of well doing, but remember that the end crowns the work; and he onely the gainer who endures to the end. How many have set out betimes and made a promising beginning, that have fainted on their journey, and fallen short of Heaven; that which hath a diadem in the end, may well admit some bitterness in the beginning. Let therefore the worth of the reward promp you in your greatest difficulties to undergo all with patience; who would not do much for such a crown, and what will not some do for a worse?

In Races, all press towards the mark, but the foremost onely wins the prize. Not so here; here's a reward for every one that deserves it, a prize for more then the foremost; not onely he that runs swiftest and is soonest there, but every one that runs well (though he comes behinde) shall have something. My advice to you is, that you would so prepare your selves in the evening of your day, for the approaches

proaches of your night, that all things being ready for a change, you may court death to convey you from the work to the reward. And it may not unfitly be said of you, as of that glorious courser of Heaven, *The Sun knoweth his going down:* and your setting here, may but make you rebound to shine more glorious in a higher Sphere. And this brings me from the third particular observable, to the fourth, from our haste in setting out and perseverance in our walk, to the choice of our Comrades to accompany us in our journey.

Sort your selves with the best company.

Remember thou art a Kings Son, (said *Mindemus* to his Pupil) so say I to thee, Christian Reader, thou art son to a greater King then *Mindemus* was, and wilt thou undervaluethy self with base company? shall one so nearly allyed to the Prince of Light, be a companion for a brat of darkness; an heir of Heaven, for a firebrand of Hell; the son of a King, for the slave of a Devil. It may be guest by the company we keep to whom we belong, for birds of a feather will flock together (sayes our comon Proverb.) 'Tis

most

moſt certain that nothing of good can be gained by bad company; and to ſhun the workers of evil, is the way to decline an evil work for we are apt to be drawn; more by example then precept, and to intimate thoſe we have moſt converſe with (be it to good or evil;) better therefore to have no company at all, then not have good. I had rather go to Heaven alone, then to Hell with company. How then are we all concern'd to make choice of ſuch religious conſorts, as by their Heaven-like converſations may draw us to a trade of godlineſs, ſuch as may be thought fit (by the moſt wiſe God) to be both our companions upon earth, and with us to be admitted Denizons of Heaven. To keep company with our betters, is the way to improve our ſelves; for as a late Author wittily obſerves, that to be beſt in the company, is the way to grow worſe; and the beſt means to grow better, is to be the worſt there. If therefore you have choſen ſuch, endear your ſelves each to other; for there's no ſuch friend to a tedious journey as a good companion; and let your ſouls be (as it were) linkt in the bonds of true friendſhip, that

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proaches of your night, that all things being ready for a change, you may court death to convey you from the work to the reward. And it may not unfitly be ſaid of you, as of that glorious courſer of Heaven, *The Sun knoweth his going down:* and your ſetting here, may but make you rebound to ſhine more glorious in a higher Sphere. And this brings me from the third particular obſervable, to the fourth, from our haſte in ſetting out and perſeverance in our walk, to the choice of our Comrades to accompany us in our journey.

Sort your ſelves with the beſt company.

Remember thou art a Kings Son, (ſaid *Mindemus* to his Pupil) ſo ſay I to thee, Chriſtian Reader, thou art ſon to a greater King then *Mindemus* was, and wilt thou undervalue thy ſelf with baſe company? ſhall one ſo nearly allyed to the Prince of Light, be a companion for a brat of darkneſs; an heir of Heaven, for a firebrand of Hell; the ſon of a King, for the ſlave of a Devil. It may be gueſt by the company we keep to whom we belong, for birds of a feather will flock together (ſayes our comon Proverb.) 'Tis moſt

most certain that nothing of good can be gained by bad company; and to shun the workers of evil, is the way to decline an evil work for we are apt to be drawn; more by example then precept, and to intimate those we have most converse with (be it to good or evil;) better therefore to have no company at all, then not have good. I had rather go to Heaven alone, then to Hell with company. How then are we all concern'd to make choice of such religious consorts, as by their Heaven-like conversations may draw us to a trade of godliness, such as may be thought fit (by the most wise God) to be both our companions upon earth, and with us to be admitted Denizons of Heaven. To keep company with our betters, is the way to improve our selves; for as a late Author wittily observes, that to be best in the company, is the way to grow worse; and the best means to grow better, is to be the worst there. If therefore you have chosen such, endear your selves each to other; for there's no such friend to a tedious journey as a good companion; and let your souls be (as it were) linkt in the bonds of true friendship, that

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as *David* and *Jonathan*, ye may be lovely in your lives and in your deaths may not be divided. And like the same *David* ye may bid defiance to the works and workers of iniquity, with a depart from me ye wicked; so shall ye clearly quit your selves from the number of those that shall at the last day be terrified with that direful excommunication of the great judge. Depart from me, for I know you not. And this brings me from the fourth particular observable, to the fifth; from the choice of our company, to our deportment in our journey.

Take heed that ye fall not out by the way.

For brethren and fellow sojourners to disagree is against the rules both of Piety and Policy; small harmony nor delight in that journey where Travellers do jangle. When two *Israelites* fell at variance, *Moses* a spectator of the discord, useth no other arguments of perswasion to compose and appease the difference, then this. *Sirs, ye are Brethren*; intimating that 'twas not for brethren to wrong one another. The Father of the Faithful how tender was he in preserving friendship with his Nephew *Lot*. *Let there be no strife betwixt*

twixt me and thee, for we be brethren. What manner of men were those whom ye slew at Tabor (said *Gideon* to *Zeba* and *Zalmunna*) Oh! they were my brethren. *Oh! had you favoured them, I should have spared you. For my Brethren and Companions sake,* (saith *David*) *I will wish thee prosperity.* 'Tis for enemies to fall out, not for such near and dear allyes to disagree; they must hold together, live together, and walk together in love, as being related in an higher and nobler sense then that of Nature; being fellows of one family, Sons of one Father, Children of one Mother, Stones of one Building, Branches of one Vine, Sheep of one Fold, Members of one Body, and Professors of one Truth, Made by one God, Redeemed by one Jesus, and Sanctified by one Holy Ghost: one would think these tyes enough to debar division from among such friends. *Esops* bundle of Cudgels in the Fable are very remarkable; whilst they were all fast bound up with a band, they were secure either from cracking or bending, but when once divided by one and one, easily snapt asunder. Whilst we are all under the bond of peace, we are secured by Gods protection.

on; but when once divided, at the Devils mercy. Whilst we hold together, we need not fear treating an enemy in the Gate, but when once broke asunder with distractions, a prey to them that hate us. Remember that *Joab* and *Abishai's* united strengh, put the *Syrians* and *Ammonites* to flight; consider that ye have enemies enow abroad, ye need not seek any so near home. Make not those the objects of your malice that should be the bulwarks of your defence against the impetuous storms and batteries of an insnaring world, a bewitching flesh, and an envious Devil, *&c.* Know that there's unity amongst wicked men (for they hold together against the Righteous.) *Simeon* and *Levi* are Brethren in evil, and shall we be at odds? Nothing can be done well that's not done in unity; that's not well done (that's done through discension.) The Apostle tells us, That love is the fulfilling of the Law; how then can the Law be fulfilled without love. Those blessed Angells who wellcomed the new Born Saviour into the world with a Song, did in a short sentence express both Tables. They sang, *Glory to God on High, Good*

will

will to men. (Peace on earth makes joy in Heaven) and those that will not embrace peace on earth, shall have nothing to do with the God of peace, or the peace of God in Heaven. You know what our Saviour said to his Disciples, *By this shall men know ye* have an interest in me, *if ye love one another.* If ever therefore ye expect to end in peace, or have peace in the end, be peaceable in your Pilgrimage, so shall ye in good time arive at your journeyes end, and be no longer strangers abroad, but Kings at home.

The

The Young mans Monitor, AND Old Mans Admoniſher.

A Meditation on Eccleſ. 12. 1.

THis golden Book of *Eccleſiaſtes* was pen'd by the wiſeſt King upon his repentance; and may be fitly ſtil'd, King *Solomons* Recantation, which he wrote after he roſe from that fall occaſioned through his inordinate love of ſtrange women; and after he had with all his Wiſdom found out the true Natures of all things here below; then this wiſeſt of Kings wrote this Book, in the Front whereof he gives a brieſe, but full deſcription of all the Glory and Pleaſures of this world: *Vanity of vanities (ſaith the Preacher) all is vanity*, Saith the Preacher; (ſomething muſt be ſaid to that) *Solomon* the ſon of *David*, the richeſt, wiſeſt, and mightieſt Monarch (that then

then reign'd) vouchsafes to take upon him the title of Preacher; though the Preacher in these dayes must not think much of the worst of titles, (but no more of that.)

Solomon having thus truly weighed all the pomps and greatness of this world in the balance of his understanding, and finding them too light to give satisfaction to the enjoyers thereof, in the end of this Book he gives a heavenly Exhortation, tending to the attainment of that true felicity, as will make those eternally happy that reach it. *Fear God and keep his Commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.* And for our better direction to keep Gods Commandments, this last Chapter is usher'd in, with a most excellent, wholesome, and seasonable Exhortation, *Remember now thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth.*

Before I proceed further, here must one Objection be remov'd. Some may perhaps question the Preacher, why he did not as well say, Remember thy Creator in thy old age, as in the dayes of thy youth?

I answer. This *memento* is chiefly given to young men, because they take the greatest

greatest liberty to wallow in all kinde of sensual pleasures, and with the greatest eagernes to pursue the deceiving vanities of this world; for now are their veins full of blood, and their bones full of marrow, and Repentance seems as unseasonable to them as Snow in Summer, or Rain in Harvest. Is not our youth (say they) given us to glut our selves with all kindes of pleasures, and to walk in the wayes of our own hearts? Shall I then (sayes one) grieve in my prime, and repent for my crimes to hasten old age, and make my smooth face full of wrinkles, and bring gray hairs on my head, ere I am an old man, old age will fasten on me soon enough without all this: let me therefore make hay while the sun shines, and make the best use of my time I can, to the utmost improvement of Pleasures; and when I am growne so old as to be past using them, Ile cast them off and think of repentance and another world, when 'tis not possible to stay long in this. These are the Common Pleas of Youth, and therefore the Preacher looking upon them as the furthest from instruction, and to stand in the greatest need of advice,

directeth

directeth his speech in a most especiall manner to them, *Remember now, &c.* Young men have no more a lease of their lives then aged persons, and there doth as many of them go to the grave as of older persons.

Death arrests some in their Cradles, and many in their Infancy, Childehood, and Youth. The dayes of man upon earth are but a shadow; no certainty of any thing as of Death, and nothing more uncertain, then the time when, and the maner how. Come hither then thou darling of the world, thou great favorite of flesh and blood; thou whose Honors (here) are as blooming as the Lillies and Roses in thy youthful cheeks, know Image, that though thy Head be of Gold, thy Body of Silver, thy Feet are but of Clay. If thou walk'st into the fields in the forward time of the Year, thou canst not be unfurnisht of lively Emblemes of thy own Mortality: how do the Lilly, the Rose, the Cowslip, and the Gillyflower bemantle the earth, as so many stars to represent Heaven glorious tapestry; upon sight whereof you may easily be convinc't to believe, *That Solomon in all his glory was not arayed like one of these.*

these: And yet how subject are they to fading; pluck them, and they are stubborn; (soon crapt assunder) smell them, and they wither; and if the winde but blows over them, they are gone and be no more. And is it not so with thee? doth not St. *James* compare our life to a vapor, (and that's but short.) *David* to a span, a thought, a tale, (and those not long.) *Isaiah* to grass, and the flower of the field, (and those you see not lasting.) But of all the sacred Limners in holy Scripture, I finde *Jobs* pencil to be the freest in pourtraying man: to stubble, and that not standing neither; to a leaf, and that not fast but shaken; and to a weavers shuttle, and many other such transient resemblances.

He came something near the drawing man to the life, who compared this life to a spot between two Eternities; the time past being dead, the future unborn; and onely the narrow compass of the present, all that man can challenge. We know not how soon death may overtake us; when we are sent into the world the greatest part of our errand is to dye, and the onely business of our life to prepare for

for death. We are not certain to be Maſters of one minute of time; when we begin to breath, the next moment may be our laſt. How many have lien down to take a healthful ſleep that have wak't in another world: Death (ſaith a learned man) lies in wait for us in all places, and there's no eſcaping his tyranny. Death borders upon our Births, and our Cradles ſtand in our Graves. How many have we ſeen carried from the Womb to the Tomb, from the Birth to the Burial; and what a ſhort cut hath the longeſt liver from the Grave of the Womb to the Womb of the Grave. Ever ſince the fall of our firſt Father, death hath ranged through the world, and made a general ſlaughter of mankinde, (ſparing none.) The moſt eloquenteſt Orator that ever was, could never charm him; nor the potenteſt Monarch that ever breathed, could never bribe him; the greateſt Warriour that ever was, death hath civilized; and made a green turf, or weather-beaten ſtone, cover that body, that living, a Lordſhip could not cloathe, or the world contain: the moſt famous perſons that ever the world enjoyed, hath death laid at his

feet

feet, without regard either to Worth, Dignity, Majesty, Youth, or Age, Sex or Condition; he favours not the best, nor spares the worst. *Samson* with all his strength, *Absolon* with all his beauty, *Josiah* with all his zeal, *David* with his conquests, and *Solomon* with his glory; *Crasus* with his wealth, and *Irus* with his poverty; *Lazarus* with his boyles, and *Dives* with his bravery, the Beggar with his rags, and the Courtier with his robes; all come under the rugged imbraces of this grim Sergeant. He spared not Innocency it self, but had the confidence to look the Son of the Highest in the face, arrests him, and keeps him three dayes his prisoner in the Grave. The mortal Sythe is master of the Royal Scepter, and it mows down the Lillies of the crown, as well as the grass of the field; death uses no civillity to Princes more then Pesants; he findes them out in their Palaces, and it may be in their most retired Closets, and handles them no otherwise then the meanest person in the street. Death (saith a learned Divine) suddainly snatcheth away Physicians, as it were, in scorn and contempt of Medicines, when they are applying their preserva-

tives

tives and reſtoratives to others, as it is ſtoried of *Caius Julius* a Chyrurgeon, who dreſſing a ſore Eye, as he drew the Inſtrument over it, was ſtruck by an Inſtrument of death in the act and place where he did it. Beſides diſeaſes, many by miſchances are taken, as a bird with a bolt, while he gazeth at the bow. Death is that King againſt whom there is no riſing up, which all men are ſure to meet with whatever they miſs of; but when, that's unknown. Of Doomsday there are ſigns affirmative and negative, not ſo of death; every day we yield ſomething to him, our laſt day ſtands, the reſt run. And how ſhould this put us all in minde to prepare for death, that he ſnatcheth us not away at unawares. *Whatſoever thou takeſt in hand therefore, remember thine end,* (ſaith the wiſe Man) *and thou ſhalt never do amiſs.* No thoughts ſo wholſome as thoſe of death, and none ſo profitable as thoſe of our end. We read of *Iſaac* that he brought his new Bride *Rebecca* into his Mother *Sarahs* Tent, thereby to moderate thoſe Nuptial pleaſures with the thoughts of her Memory, whoſe Corps but few dayes before were carried thence. And King *Saul* was no ſooner anointed, but *Samuel*

sends him by *Rachels* Sepulchre, left his new greatnes of being a King might puff him up and make him to forget that he was a man. We read of many heathens who did so much contemplate on their mortality, as their discourses, their houses, and their tables, should be constant Monitors of it. The Ægyptians were wont to carry about their Tables a Death head at their greatest feasts; and the Emperours of *Constantinople* on their Coronation day, had a Mason appointed to present unto them certain Marble-stones using these words (or to this purpose,)

Choose mighty (Sir) under which of these Stones,
Your pleasure is ere long to lay your Bones.

And 'tis storied of *Philip* King of *Macedon*, that he caused a Lackey every morning to awake him with that short Memento, of, *Sir, remember that you are a man.* Shall heathens be thus mindful of their dissolution, and shall we put the thoughts far from us? surely no; but rather cogitate of it, and make every day our last. Certainly, did we but consider that we are Men, that all our acti-

ſtand upon record, and ſhall one day be impartially rewarded. We ſhould ſo demean our ſelves every day, as men that endeavoured that no action of any day ſhould be ſuch as ſhould ſtand againſt us at the laſt. Young men remember this, you that may promiſe your ſelves many dayes upon earth, let not every day that is added to your life bring new ſins with it; but let grace be added to your dayes, that ſo your laſt dayes may be better then your firſt; and your burial day better then your birth, (as the wiſe Man ſpeaks.) Make God the *Alpha* and *Omega* of all your actions, and remember him in your work, and he will remember you in the reward; remember him as an Omniſcient and Omnipotent God, one that beholds all thy actions, and will reward them: remember him in thy youth, and let him have thy beſt dayes as well as thy worſt, the bloſſoms of thy Youth as well as the leaves of thy Old age; and be ſure that thou ſpend the glory of thy years, as well as the dregs of thy age, in his ſervice, ſo ſhall thy life be proſperous, thy death happy, and thy reſurrection glorious. On the contrary, if thou

forget him now, a day will come, when he will not remember thee, but ſtrangely excommunicate thee, with a *depart from me, for I know you not:* therefore ever bear this wholſome leſſon in minde and forget it not, *Remember now thy Creator in the dayes of thy Youth.*

It may be ſome may think that Old Men come not within the verge of this exhortation, and that *Solomon* had nothing to ſay to them when he directed his ſpeech to the Young Man. I anſwer, that Old Men are more concerned to take notice of this then the Young man, and thus I prove it. Young Men, are but newly come into the world, (and they muſt have ſome time to look about them. Old Men are ready to leave the World (and 'tis not long ere they muſt render an account to God for all their actions.) 'Tis but the dawning of the day with the Young Man, but night begins to ſhew it ſelf (in its ſable Robes) to the Old Man. The Young Mans Sun is but newly riſen, the Old Mans is ready to ſet; the Young Mans glaſs is but newly turned up, the Old Mans ſand is almoſt run out, the Young Man is but newly come from

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the Grave of the Womb, the Old Man is ready to go to the Womb of the Grave. But it will be objected, that the Young Man often leaves the World as ſoon as come in it, onely begins to breathe, and ſo breathes his laſt; that many go away, as well at the dawning of the day as at the approaches of the night; and at Cocks crowing, as in the afternoon; and that the Young Mans Sun doth often ſet when but newly riſen; and his ſand run out, when his glaſs is but new turn'd up; and that the Womb oftentimes become his Tomb. I grant all this, that Young Men may dye (by caſualty or otherwiſe) as manifold examples before our eyes do hourly manifeſt. Young Men may dye, but Old men muſt dye, for nature is almoſt extinguiſht in them, and in all probability they cannot hold out long. What are thoſe gray Hairs but ſo many Monitors of their approaching Mortallity? What are the ſhrinking of the Veins, the coldneſs of the Blood the waſting of the Fleſh, the wrinkles in the Skin, the numneſs of the Joynts, the ſtiffneſs of the Limbs, the weakneſs of the Sinews, and the aches in the Bones, but ſo many har-

bengers of death, or friendly Memento's, to minde them of their Graves, and that those dayes are now come, in which they may truly say, *They have no pleasure in them.* And what a time is this for repentance, when the tongue begins to faulter, deafnes hath possest the ears, dimnes vail'd the eyes, and the memory departed. I confes 'tis good to call upon God at any time, (even on our death-beds) but 'tis better that we make our peace with God ere sickness attache us. Physicians observe that grief in time of sickness is the greatest enemy of health, the greatest hinderer of Physick, and the greatest hastner of death. Indeed we should be ever prepar'd for that ere it comes, that when we come to lie upon our sick beds, there may be no discontent at it, or disturbance in it; and nothing to be done, but to lie down and dye. Late repentance is seldome good; I will not say never true: The example of the Thief upon the Cros forbids me that, whom we know repented at the last hour; he was saved at the last minute, that none might despair; and but he, he had no fellow (though another dyed with him) that

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none might preſume. I will ſay of late repentance, what a Father (long ſince) ſaid in another caſe, *As their damnation is not certain, ſo their ſalvation is doubtful.* My concluſion ſhall be this, though you cannot remember this diſcourſe, be ſure not to forget the Foundation on which 'tis built; *Remember now thy Creator in the dayes of thy Youth.*

Sin the Cause of Sorrow,
AND
Death the Effect of Sin.

A Meditation on 2 *Sam.* 24. 14.

MY Contemplations are now fallen amongst *Davids* troubles, and this I am now to treat of not the least; he was a man that went through many afflictions, and underwent many and great sufferings; but neither time or the narrow limits I am confin'd to, will give me leave to descant upon all his Troubles: I shall therefore onely glance at some, and speak home to this (which may be term'd the greatest.)

But before I treat of the Troubles of this man, I shall speak something of this Man of Troubles; give a short description of the Man, then of his Sufferings.

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The first mention we have of *Davids* name is in the 1 *Sam.* 16. 11. and there we finde him under a four-fold description: who he is, what he was, whence he was, and when he liv'd.

First, for his Parentage or Pedegree, he was the son of *Jesse*, the son of *Obed*, &c. of the Tribe of *Judah*, and the youngest son of his Father.

Secondly, for his Profession a Shepherd, (as most of his Fathers were before him) but he soon relinquisht that kinde of life; exchang'd his Crook for a Scepter, and his Sheep-fold for a Throne; became a publique Person, and grew so famous, that all places sounded with his Praises. That 'twere now but time lost to stand playing with his name, or to use much discourse upon it, for all that hear him mentioned, know that he was a Prophet and a King; and all other descriptions or definitions were altogether needless.

Thirdly, for his Countrey, he was of *Bethlehem*, a City scituate in that Countrey, which was the most renowned of the World; and in the various dispensations of Gods Providence underwent se-

veral denominations. For (as an eminent Author judiciously observes) it was first called the Land of *Canaan*, from *Canaan* the son of *Cham*. Secondly, the Land of Promise, because the Lord had promised it to *Abraham* and his seed. Thirdly, *Israel*, of the Israelites, (so called from *Jacob* who was surnamed *Israel*. Fourthly, *Judea*, from the Jews, or people of the Tribe of *Judah*. Fifthly, *Palestine* (*quasi Philistim*) the Land of the Philistims, (a potent Nation that once inhabited it.) And now sixthly, *The Holy Land*, because that herein was wrought the Work of our Redemption.

Now whether the Regality of the tribe of *Judah* was so predominant as to give a Name to the whole Countrey, I determine not; but this is certain, that the little City of *Bethlehem*, (the place of *David's* Nativity, and thence called the City of *David*) belonged unto, and was a part of that Portion or Inheritance denomited to that Tribe, when first this Countrey was conquer'd by the son of *Nun*.

Fourthly, the time when he lived, it was in the dayes of King *Saul*, upon whose disobedience, *David* is by Gods appoint-

appointment and approbation anointed King, (but not *Sauls* Competitor but Succeſſor.) *David* did long ſhroud himſelf among the ſheep-cotes ere he came to the Kingdom; and for no ſhort time (in an ambitious eye) did he content himſelf with the garb of a ſhepherd (after he was anointed) ere he was known to be a King, or the ſon-in-law to one: but the rayes of his fame did ſhine from under the mean veil of a ſhepherd, that he could not be long concealed, but the world muſt be witneſs of his glory.

Sauls Reign was very troubleſome, perpetual Wars betwixt him and the Philiſtines all his dayes; and this ſhall make way for *Davids* greatneſs. God many times keeps the beſt men for the worſt times, he loves to help at a dead lift; and therefore *David* ſhall act for him at ſuch a time, when *Saul* and all Iſrael are at their wits ends; then forth comes *David* (arm'd with the power of Jehovah) does wonders even to admiration; turns the Iſraelites Fears into Triumphs, and their Enemies Brags into Lachryma's.

The manner, thus: The Philiſtines had invaded the Land, and put their Armies

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in a poſture of Battle; and King *Saul* having alſo aſſembled the Iſraelites to give them the encounter, and ſet the battle in array againſt the Philiſtines. And now both Armies facing each other on two neighbouring Mountains, the hoſt going forth, and giving a ſhout to the Battle, there iſſued from the Camp of the Philiſtines a Champion, (term him a man or a monſter) his name *Goliah*; the place of his nativity *Gath*; his ſtature ſix cubits and a ſpan; (which according to our Engliſh meaſure is about three yards and a quarter.) His armor, a helmet of braſs upon his head, a coat of mail on his back, greaves of braſs upon his legs, and a target of braſs between his ſhoulders, a ſpear in his hand, the ſtaff to it like a weavers beam, (and one with a ſhield went before him.) His Language, a Challenge to any one of the Servants of *Saul* to fight with him: Concludes with a defiance to the hoſt of Iſrael, and to the Lord of hoſts.

David (being now ſent by his father *Jeſſe* from his ſheep in the wilderneſſe to his brethren in the camp, to enquire after their welfares, (for *Jeſſe*'s three eldeſt ſons attended King *Saul* to the Battle) obſerving

ving how *Saul* and all Israel were amazed at his gastly countenance and daring language, and what great rewards were promised him that should fight with him, as to have the Kings Daughter to wife, and his Fathers house free in Israel; encouraged by this, and instigated by his impudent and blasphemous expressions, resolves to lay down the success of that day on his encounter. And now both Armies full of expectation of the event of the combat, the Combatants draw near; little *David* only with his stone and sling, and *Goliah* with his massie armour; and now *Goliah* belching forth his threats against *David*, and derision against the Hebrews, *David* lets him know, that the God of Israel (whom he defied) was so powerful, as by so weak an instrument as himself, and so slenderly arm'd, could bring him and his brags to confusion. *David* to make quick work pulls forth a stone, and that God who taught his hands to war and his fingers to fight, so directed his aim to the mark, that he hit him betwixt the joynts of his armour, and down falls he to the earth with the Philistines history. *David* takes his own sword and

decapits

decapits him, (attended with the acclamation of the Israelites) presents it to *Saul*, who indeed makes good his promise to give him his Daughter, but he must undergo more hazards to obtain her, that no Israelite would undergo the danger, to purchase a Kings Daughter on such dear terms; give for her dowry a hundred foreskins of the Philistines. But he that preserved *David* from the Lion and the Bear, and from that uncircumcised Philistine, will still crown him with victory to vanquish an host; so that instead of one hundred he brings two, 1 *Sam.* 18. 27. God was with *David*, and there's no talk of overcoming those whom he hath determined shall be victorious: no weapon that's form'd against him shall prosper; *Saul* with all his subtil projects to send him in haste to another world, shall come too short to insnare him; for *David* shall be safe in the greatest danger, and secure under the wings of an Enemy, (the Philistines) even in the Court of their King, and City of that monster whom he had slain. No stone shall touch him at *Ziklag*, or arrow at *Gilboa*. *Abners* Insurrection shall come no nothing,

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Achitophel's Counsel to foolishness, *Absolons* Treason to the ruine of the traitor, and *Sheba's* Rebellion to the miscreants destruction, whilest *David* is safely protected by that watchful Keeper of Israel (who never slumbers) for greater things.

And thus you have now seen *David* past securely through all straits, past all dangers, and his feet in a large room, having all his foes his footstool, peace round about, and no enemy unsubdued but his own corruption; and now wanting trials abroad, he sins at home; seems to distrust the Providence of that God that had hitherto so miraculously preserved him with so many great and glorious deliverances; as from the Lion, and the Bear, from *Goliah*; once from *Achish*, several times from the Philistines, nine times from *Saul*; from stoning at *Ziklag*, from death at *Jerusalem*, *Absolons* treason, and *Sheba's* rebellion: as if that hand so long extended over him were now shortned, that it could not save as it had done heretofore; and God not *yesterday and to day the same for ever*: Confides in an arm of flesh, numbers his people, examines the strength of his Kingdom, as if

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by them he could be preserv'd, and be secur'd from all dangers, whereupon Gods anger is greatly kindled against him: and that *David* may be sensible of his great folly and vain hopes, *Gad* the seer is dispatcht with three harsh proposals to him, and salutes him with this hard choice, either seven years famine, or three moneths flying before the enemy, or three dayes pestilence. To which we have *Davids* answer returned in the words of the Text, *And David said unto Gad, I am in a great strait.*

Here is an answer, and no answer; or an answer to no purpose, as being no resolution to the things propos'd; choose the three things; *I am in a great strait*; which seems to flow rather from a discontented and dejected spirit then a premeditated consideration: as if he had expresst himself thus, I am at my wits end, and know not what to do; you have here propos'd three things to me, I know not which to take, but would willingly decline them all; but since I must take one that would not be troubled with either, I must take some time to study for an answer as being not provided of one already;

already; but take a ſad preface till I give the anſwer, and *David* ſaid unto *Gad*, *I am in a great ſtrait.* Where is now that wonted courage that was in *David*? what? he that fought with beaſts, incountred a Giant, vanquiſht an Army, and was victorious in all his undertakings, is he now ſo daunted at a Prophets expreſſions, that he ſeems to be rob'd both of his valour and eloquence, knows neither what to do or ſay for himſelf.

Alas this wonder's leſſened, and the queſtion anſwered, if we ſeriouſly conſider, firſt the greatneſs of his ſin, then of his puniſhment; *David* hath committed a great ſin, and ſevere judgements are denounced againſt him for that ſin, which makes him ſenſible of both, and brings him to a *Non-plus.* When God is pleas'd to give a man a ſenſe of his ſin, and preſents him with terrifying judgements, as the rewards of it, 'tis enough, to make the ſtouteſt heart to tremble, the ſtiffeſt joynts to be looſed, the ſturdieſt limbs to quake, and the ſtrongeſt hands to ſhiver. No marvel then if *David* take the words of the text as a Preface to his anſwer, *And David ſaid unto Gad, I am in a great ſtrait.*

I ſhall

I shall not offer that violence to the words as to divide them, but preserve them whole, and fix my contemplations upon one observation, I shall draw from them, which is briefly this: *That sin is the cause of sorrow; or that all the miseries that ever hapned unto mankinde came by sin;* which I shall clearly demonstrate both by Scripture, Reason, and Experience, with such perspicuous clearness, as none but a son of contention will contradict.

'Twas sin that excluded *Adam* out of Paradise, *Gen.* 3. 24. Brought a deluge on the old world, *Gen.* 7. 12. Fire and Brimstone upon *Sodom*, *Gen.* 19. 24. Plagues upon *Egypt*, *Exod.* 7. 20. Destruction upon *Pharaoh*, *Exod.* 14. 28. Ruine upon *Jericho*, *Josh.* 6. 24. And so many miseries upon *Eli* and his family, that to hear would make the ears of any Israelite to tingle, 1 *Sam.* 3. 12. 'Twas sin that made *Saul* lose two Crowns, the one on earth, the other in heaven. That brings a catalogue of plagues on the head of the sinner, *Deut.* 28. 16. Makes the whole creation groan, *Rom.* 8. 22. Made the Sun withdraw himself, the pale-fac't Moon to hide her head, the twinkling

Stars

Stars to disappear, the Rocks to rend, the Graves to open, the vail of the Temple to part, a general darkness to take place over the whole world; brought the whole fabrick of heaven and earth out of course, the Lord of Glory to a shameful end, and the Prince of Life to an infamous death, *Luke* 23. 46. In a word, I may truly say of sin, as *Abner* did of war, *Knowest thou not that it will bring bitterness in the latter end*, 2 *Sam.* 2. 26. God is so severe against sin, that he would not spare his own Son (when he undertook for the sins of the world,) and is so just in his chastising of sinners, that he gives plagues answerable to the offence, that (oftentimes) the world may read the sin by the punishment. Instance, the Sodomites who burnt with unnatural lust, man with man; therefore Hell comes from Heaven, Fire and Brimstone out of Heaven upon *Sodom*, *Gen.* 19. 24. *Pharaoh* orders all the Hebrew males to be drown'd, and he and his host are serv'd so in the Red Sea, *Exod.* 14. 21. *Adonibezek* in his wanton cruelty cut off the fingers and toes of seventy Kings, and made them scramble for the crumbs of his Table; and

and in the manner did God requite him; 'tis his own acknowledgement, *Judg.* 1.7. *Abimelech* kills his seventy brethren upon one stone, and his own brains are dasht out with a stone from the Tower of *Thebes*, thrown by a Woman, *Judg.* 9. 53. *Sauls* sword slue eighty five of the Lords Priests, and does the like courtesie for him, 1 *Sam.* 31. 4. *Ahab* and *Jezabel* who conspired to fool *Naboth* at once both of his Life and Vineyard, ere long the dogs lick their blood on the plat of ground they so bloodily purchast, 1 *Kings* 22. 38, *&c.* *Zimri* conspir'd against his master King *Elah*, and put him to death for his Crown; reigned but seven dayes, but is forc't to be his own executioner, 1 *Kings* 16. 15. Queen *Athaliah* slayes all the blood Royal, and she her self is sent with violence into another world to answer for her cruelty in this, 2 *Kings* 11. 20. *Haman* makes a Gallows of fifty Cubits high for *Mordecai*, and sues for a general Massacre of all the Jews; himself meets with a violent and infamous death on the Gallows he had prepared for *Mordecai*, *Esth.* 7. 10. Those Persian presidents that conspired against

Daniel

Daniel, to have him thrown into the den of Lions, are themſelves caſt in, and tore in pieces ere they came to the ground, *Dan.*6.24. *Nebuchadnezzars* pride tranſported himſelf beyond himſelf, therefore Gods Juſtice brings him lower then a man; makes him a beaſt by name, that before was one in nature, *Dan.*4.33. *Herods* pride made him forget he was a man, and therefore an Angel from the Lord makes him know himſelf to be but a man, or rather a worm; and ſmites one worm with many till he dyes, *Acts* 12.23. 'Twas Jeruſalems ſin to ſtone the Prophets, and her puniſhment was anſwerable; not to have one ſtone upon another, *Mat.* 23. 37. The Judge objects againſt thoſe on the left hand, *I was a ſtranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye cloathed me not; ſick and in priſon, and ye viſited me not*; and therefore their puniſhment is to finde no mercy themſelves that would afford none to others, and are for ever excluded the Judges preſence and all happineſs at once, *Mat.*25.41. Thus juſt is God in making the puniſhments ſo ſuitable to the ſins.

But here is one Objection ready to be thrown

thrown into my way, which I must not pass by without answering. Doth God so severely punish sin, and be the authour of all? The Prophet *Amos* asks the question, *Can there be evil in the city, and God hath not done it? Amos* 3. 6. And that word when 'tis put as an Interogatory in the beginning either of a Verse or Sentence, 'tis the highest affirmation and confirmation of a following Negative turth. Instance, Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burnt? Can a man that is old return a second time into his mothers womb, and be born again? Can we bring a clean thing out of an unclean, a pure Spring from a polluted Fountain? surely no. Can there be evil in the city, and God hath not done it? there cannot. And did God move *David* to commit the sin of numbering the People, and doth he yet punish that sin of *Davids* with the death of no less then seventy thousand men? Is he so severe against that sin of which himself is the authour?

I answer, 'Tis the greatest blasphemy imaginable, to make God the Authour of sin. *Let not any man when he is tempted say, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted*

tempted of evil; neither tempteth he any to evil, James 1. 13. You are to know that there are two sorts of evils, the evil of Sin, and the evil of Punishment; the one proper to God, the other incident to man. We read of several in Scripture that did evil in the sight of the Lord, there is the evil of Sin: and then we read how God did inflict judgements upon them for those sins, there was the evil of Punishment. The guilt of the one requires the Justice of the other.

Again, God is said to be the Authour of sin, because he swayes all the actions of men; and were he pleased, he could take off the sinner in the heat and height of his sin, and with a word (as he made the World of nothing) bring all that is therein to nothing: no sin can be committed, or cruelty acted, without his permission. And here by the way you are to take notice of a great Truth, *viz.* That God permits many things to be done, which he doth not approve of when they are done; and to make this plain to the meanest capacities, I could heap multitudes of Examples to confirm it. I am not ignorant that many have measured the justness of

a Cause by the success of it; and because God (for the sins of a Nation, or other reasons best known to his Divine wisdom) oftentimes suffer the best Cause to come by the worst on't; therefore they of the Triumphing party have concluded, that God did own and approve both of them and their Cause in giving them the Victory. But the greatness of their mistake in so doing I shall manifest; in order to which I could produce manifold examples, and shew them that Vertue is sometimes a sufferer and Vice triumphant; Gods people Captives, and his Enemies Conquerors. *Salmanazar* a heathen King drives the Israelites (God own people) ten Tribes at once, out of their own Land, into an everlasting captivity. And *Nebuchadnezzar* an insulting and profane Prince, makes havock in the holy Land, carries two Tribes into a seventy years captivity, commits barbarous outrages, profanes the Temple, burns Jerusalem to the ground, and destroyes all before him with fire and sword. If Success therefore be an Argument of a good Cause, the Turk were the best Saint, the uncircumcised Philistine the truest son of *Abraham*: of all things I would

would never be a Christian, for they of all men were most miserable.

For a conclusion to this point, of many instances I shall onely make choice of two; the one out of the Old Testament, the other out of the New. My first is that of the King of *Assyria*, *Isa.* 10. 6. whom God calls the rod of his anger, and gives a permission and a commission to tread down the Israelites as the mire in the streets: and this proud domineering Tyrant insults and triumphs, and intends the utter destruction of Gods people; was not his cause the best, that made him so victorious; but you shall finde otherwise, for when God had sufficiently scourged his people with this Rod, God had an end in it more then he dreamt of; for whereas he lookt not at all upon the hand of God in it, and thought of nothing but destruction, God made the end to conduce to the good of his people, and burnt this Rod in the fire, *Isa.* 10. 12.

The second is, That of the Saviour of the World, who when he was brought to answer for his life before the Roman President, and many things objected

againſt him by the Scribes and Phariſees, *Pilate* asks him many things, but he anſwers nothing; *Pilate* much offended hereat, argues the caſe with our Saviour in this manner, Knoweſt thou not the Eminency of my Perſon, the Dignity of my Place, and the largeneſs of my Power, that I can crucifie, or I can releaſe thee; but our Saviour tells him, that that Power which he call'd his, was not his own; *For thou hadſt no power over me, were it not given thee from above, John* 19. 10. I am ſo far from being under thy power, that I can lay down my life, and I can take it up; and did not I give thee a being, that am now a Priſoner at the Bar, thou couldſt never ſit upon me as a Judge on the Bench. The Scribes and Phariſees were ſo ſottiſhly ignorant, as to think that if Chriſt had been the Son of God, (as he ſaid he was) they ſhould never have been ſuffered to have ſent him with ſo much cruelty to his Grave; and becauſe they had their wills of him, they did therefore believe that God approved of that bloody fact of theirs, and plainly demonſtrated that he was a deceiver: theſe were their con-

conclusions concerning him, *Matth.* 27. 63. *Pilate* and the Jews were but secondary causes of his death, they were but instruments in another hand; for 'twas God that did deliver his Son to be crucified; he was that Lamb slain (in Gods decree) before the foundations of the world were laid. And 'tis also true, that Christ delivered himself to be crucified by his chearful obedience to the Will of his Father: yet this did in no way clear *Judas* that betrayed him, the Scribes and Pharisees that blasphem'd him, *Pilate* that condemn'd him, the Souldiers that abus'd him, nor the Jews that crucified him, because of their different aims and ends in it; for he was delivered by *Judas* for money, by the Jews for envy, by *Pilate* for fear, by the Souldiers in wickedness, and by God in love. Their design in crucifying Christ, was to hinder the Salvation of Mankind, but God perfected Mans Salvation by their designs. And that God did not approve of that sin of theirs (though he permitted it) appears by those severe and remarkable judgements inflicted upon the actors thereof. And first of *Ju-*

das, who was foremost in the Treason, he also is the first in Punishment; he brings his wages of iniquity back to the chief Priests, and hang'd himself, and so his Punishment is no less publique then his Sin. And for *Pilate* (if eminent Authors may be credited) he was by the Emperour *Tiberius* banished into *France*, and dyed miserably. And as for the Scribes, Pharisees, Souldiers, and the whole Rout of Jews, *Josephus* tells us, that those that were left of them, were forty yeares after, all swept away by Famine, Sword, and Pestilence; and the lofty City *Jerusalem*, with the glorious Temple therein, burnt to ashes, by *Titus* son of *Vespasian*, Emperour of *Rome*. And 'tis most certain, that the guilt of Christs blood lies so heavy on the heads of the Posterity of those Jews, that they are now a vagabond Nation, scattered over the face of the Earth; hated of all, esteemed of none, and under hardnes of heart unto this day. God is of purer eyes then to behold the least sin with approbation; all manner of impieties his soul abhors, and therefore doth he render the Authors there-

of odious, and makes their Names ſtink to Poſterity. Inſtance *Cain*, for that ſin of his in killing his Brother, hath the mark of a Rogue clapt upon his Name, which poſterity ſhall never take off, *A fugative and a vagabond ſhalt thou be in the earth*, *Gen.* 4. 14. *Simeon* and *Levi*, for that ſin of theirs, in ſlaying the Sechemites, under pretence of circumciſing them; their Names are never mentioned without the infamous addition, of *brethren in iniquity*, *Gen.* 49. 5. *Jeroboam*, for ſetting up Calves in *Dan* and *Bethel*, under pretence of ſaving the Jews a labour of going up to *Jeruſalem* to worſhip, his Name is never mentioned without an infamous brand, never to be wip't off, *Jeroboam that made Iſrael to ſin*, 1 *King.* 16. 19. *Ahaz*, for thoſe many and grievous ſins by him committed, hath a Name by himſelf, that he might be known to be the worſt King that ever reigned either in *Iſrael* or *Judah*, *This is that King Ahaz!*

This is the prophane and idolatrous King, that cut in pieces the veſſels of the Lords Houſe, abuſed the Prieſts of the Lord, ſhut up the doors of the Temple,

made Altars in every corner in *Jerusalem*, advanced the high places, put down the worship of God, and put up that of Devils; and in the time of his distress, did trespass yet more against the Lord, *This is that King Ahaz*, 2 *Chron.* 28. 22. *Judas* for that sin of his, in betraying the Saviour of the World, his Name is not any where mentioned, but there is an ignominious blur put upon it, for posterity to read, *Judas Iscariot*, who also was the Traytor, *Matth.* 10. 4.

And God is so just that he will not act that himself, for which he so severely punishes others for being guilty of.

But secondly, did God move *David* to number the people? and doth he yet punish that sin of *Davids* with the death of no less then seventy thousand Men? Is he so severe in punishing that sin of which himself is the Author? I answer, in the 2 *Sam.* 24. 1. 'tis said, *That God moved David to number the people*; and in the 1 *Chron.* 21. 1. 'tis said, *That Satan tempted David to number the people*: For the reconciling of these Scriptures you are to take notice, that God is said to move *David* to

number

number the people, because he did for a little withdraw the Arms of his Protection from him, left him to himself, and permitted Satan to tempt him (who fraught with malice enough against *David*) proves successful in his attempts, and brings *David* to commit this sin.

And for further confirmation of this Truth, I shall borrow an Arrow out of a Learned Quiver, and demonstrate the several kindes of Tempters, with the various natures of their Temptations; God, Satan, Man, the World, and the Flesh, are all said to tempt. God temps Man to try his obedience. Satan temps Man to draw him from obedience. Men tempt men to try what is in them; and Men tempt God, by distrusting his Power. The World is a Tempter, to keep Man from God, and the Flesh is a Tempter, to bring him to the Devill. So God tempted *Abraham* in the offering of his Son; Satan tempted *Job* in the loss of his Goods; A Queen tempted *Solomon* in trying his wisdom; The Israelites tempted God by unbelief in the Desert; The World tempted

Demas, when he forſook the Apoſtles: and the fleſh tempted *David* when he fell by Adultery; and his own corruptions, together with the inſtigation and ſollicitation of Satan, tempts him to commit this ſin, for which God was ſo highly diſpleaſed with him, that he ſent ſuch a harſh ſummons to him, that inſtead of anſwering, he breaks out in the language of the Text, *And David ſaid, &c.*

And thus have I fairly remov'd this great block out of the way at which many have ſtumbled, and many more might have fallen; what now remains, but that I onely in brief ſet down the ſad effects of ſin in general to all mankinde, and ſo Ile conclude.

But by the way, I muſt crave leave of my Readers to make a ſhort digreſſion, briefly to ſhew how glorious man was by Creation, how happy in his ſtate of Innocency, how great his fall, and how miſerable the effects of it, and that ſhall be my concluſion.

Man was created a glorious Creature, and heir to much happineſs; put in a ſtate of innocency, ſeated in an earthly Paradiſe, and placed as a Monarch over all the

the Creatures that God made (except thoſe bleſſed Angels that are reſident in a higher Sphere) the Beaſts of the Field, and the Fowls of the Air, the Fiſh in the Sea, and all Creeping things did him homage, and he gave them their Names; The place of his Reſidence, the Garden of *Eden*, (a fit Emblem of that Celeſtial Paradiſe that is above) there being all the varieties that heart could wiſh or deſire to make a life happy, without either carking or caring, moiling or toiling, ſighing or ſorrowing; and to make his happineſs compleat, he was to continue without the limits of Threeſcore Years and Ten, or Fourſcore Years; his Body no leſs immortal then his Soul: Here was a happy life indeed, where there was no Sickness to torment, no Death to affright, or Devil able to hurt. And as a further addition to his Happineſs, (that nothing might be wanting that may any way conduce to his well being) a beloved companion is given him (with ſuch a body and ſuch a ſoul as he had) for his perpetual conſort, to keep him from the dumps of melancholly, and be a conſtant ſharer with him in all his felicity. *Adam* thus

happy, the fruit of every tree in that glorious Eden (onely one excepted) was for his uſe; and to eat of that one tree, was death to himſelf and poſterity. This tree ſtood in the midſt of the Garden, and ſerved as a touchſtone to try their obedience. The Devil (not long before thrown from Heaven for his pride) perplext not more at his own miſery then mans happineſs; envying that Man (a creature inferiour to him by creation) ſhould uſurp his place, to fill up that room, or ſhine in that Orb whence himſelf was caſt; reſolves to work his wits to bring Man as miſerable as himſelf; and thus he manages the deſign: he gets into the Serpent, ſo climbs the tree, waits his opportunity, and ſets upon the Woman; tells her the tree is handſome, the fruit beautiful and the taſte much more delightful; and finding her not ſo tractable as he deſired, further beſpeaks her thus: Fear not the threats or menaces of thy Creator, for no evil ſhall acrue to thee or thine, by eating the lovely fruit of this fair tree. Do not make me believe a thing I know to be falſe; tell not me of dying the death, 'tis no ſuch matter; for when you

have once tasted, you shall be no longer servants of him that made you, but Lords and Masters of your selves; and every way as great and as good as he that made you. Were not trees made for fruit, and what was fruit made for but to eat; then why not this, as well as others? And thus by the alluring speeches of this subtil deceiver, the Woman is deluded, *Adam* perverted, the most high God highly dishonoured, and all mankinde without an infinite mercy ruined; she tastes and gives her husband with her, and he did eat. And so man that was so fearfully and wonderfully made, and in so happy and glorious condition, hath forfeited all by this one act of disobedience, is become a Map of perfect misery; (so that as one wittily observes) man is shut out, of the doors of his everlasting habitation for two pretty toyes, an Apple and a Woman. And now the judgements of God like a troop pursue him and his posterity; and all the miseries and calamities of this life and that to come, follow close at his heels, as the effect and reward of sin and brings him to such a *Non-plus* (being loaded with so much gilt, and attended

tended with so many judgements, and therefore no wonder to see him cast down and dejected. *Wherefore doth a living man mourn*, or *complain*, was a Prophets question? and 'tis sadly answered by himself, *A man for the punishment of his sin*, Lam. 3. 39. *I have sinned, and what shall I say unto thee, O thou preserver of men*, sayes *Job*. *Wo unto us, for we have sinned*, cryes the Church, Lament. 5. 16. *David* cryes, *That his sins were gone over his head, and become a burthen too heavy for him to bear*; and therefore after his committing this sin, no wonder if he were so amaz'd at the proposal of those terrors for it, that he breaks out into the discontented expressions of the Text; *And David said unto Gad, I am in a great strait.*

Had it not been for Sin, Death had never fetcht his circuits through the world. Neither *Adam* or any of his sons, had never come under his power. 'Twas Sin that brought in those terrible Harbengers of Death; those various kindes of sicknesses to afflict mankinde. For as the shadow follows the body, so plagues attend Sin: and had the cause been wanting, (which is Sin) the effects had never been

been (which is Misery.) There had been no sweeping away of mankinde by Sword or Famine. Famine should never have conquered his thousands, or the Sword his ten thousands. There should have been no wasting Consumption, no grievous Gout, nor groaning Stone, or tormenting Collick; no burning Feaver, or quaking Ague, nor trembling Palsie, or loathsome Jaundies; nor a thousand other Infirmities and Casualties which now attend frail man to his Grave. But this is not all, for Death eternal also is the reward of Sin, which is the second Death, *Rev.* 20. 14. and may well be term'd a death and no death; being a privation from all that's good, or to a life desirable, and a constancy in suffering that which is evil, even intollerable torments that shall never know either end or measure, impossible for life to suffer, did not an infinite Justice keep the tortured from dying; for there the best company shall be Devils, and the best musick Blasphemy. The ear shall be entertained with the grievous screeches of parties condemned, and hideous howlings of woful Devils; the eye, with no better prospect

then

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then damned Ghosts; the taste with no greater dainties then grievous hunger; the smell with no choiser odours then sulphurous brimstone; and the feeling with those terrible extreams, of burning and gnashing of Teeth. (In a word) 'tis a death, because they are excommunicated from such glory as the wit of man is not able to express; and 'tis a life too, (or rather a living death) because they are alive to endure such hellish torments as the learnedst pen is not able to delineate, nor the eloquentest tongue to describe, the rarest wit to imagine, or the knowingest mortal to define. Ever to be dying, yet never dye. This, this shall be the unrepentant sinners portion, *Matth.* 25.41. *Rev* 20 10.

To conclude, since the effects of sin, reach not onely to heap plagues upon the sinner here, but also everlasting torments upon soul and body hereafter, *what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation?* My advice is, that we shun that cause which brings such sad effects; avoid sin, that we never partake of those plagues as the rewards of it. And in order hereunto, that we set a narrow watch

over

over our thoughts, words, and actions, that we give not way to the leaſt temptation, but kills this cockatrice in the egge, deſtroy ſin in the birth, get the maſtery of every corruption, and bid defiance to the deſtructive alurements of our immortal enemy: And becauſe all of us brought ſuch a load of gilt with us into the world, as without an infinite mercy would ſink us into that place whence is no redemption; and being not of our ſelves not able ſo much as to think a good thought; let's make our addreſſes to that all ſufficient Saviour, who for our ſakes wrought glorious ſalvation, conquered Death, Sin, and Satan, foiled the powers of darkneſs, and led the devils in Triumph as his Captives, *Hoſ.*13. 14. 1 *Cor.*15.57.

Let's endeavour to have an intereſt in him, that his merits may be imputed unto us, and we may be cloathed with the long white robes of his righteouſneſs, *Rev.*4.4. That at the great day of Audit, we may hold up our heads with joy before that bar, whence the wicked ſhall be ſentenc't; and rejoyce that all ſtraits are at an end, and all our miſeries out of date: that our ſins and death are laid in one grave, ever-

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to be forgotten and forgiven; and are now ready to take livery and ſeizin of that glorious, incorruptible, and unfading Inheritance, which the Lion of the Tribe of *Judah*, (the Captain of the Lords hoſt, and of our ſalvation) hath purchaſt for us; and be ever enjoying that glory which *Moſes* ſo earneſtly deſired (onely) to behold; and eternally chant forth *Hallelujahs* to the Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity; to whom be aſcrib'd by Men and by Angels, (here and hereafter) all Honour and Glory, Thankſgiving and Obedience, World without End.

Baalams

Balaams *happy Wiſh*, AND *Unhappy End.*

A Meditation on *Numb.* 23. 10. *Let me dye the death of the Righteous, and let my latter end be like his.*

THeſe words were utter'd by *Balaam* the ſon of *Beor* of *Meſopotamia*, the notedſt Conjuror of thoſe times, whom *Balak* King of *Moab* ſent for to curſe Iſrael; and being come for that purpoſe from the Mountains of the Eaſt to the high places of *Baal*, beholds a glimpſe of Heavens Glory and Iſraels happineſs; diſcovers better wages then *Balak* could give him, greater preferment then *Balak* could exalt him to, and infinitely more honour then was at *Balaks* diſpoſal. *Balaam* being in an extaſie

extasie, and (as it were) ravisht with the glory which he sees, turns his prophesie into a prayer, and his prayer is this: *Let me dye the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.*

Were these the words of a Sorcerer, a better mouth might have spoke it? we may well admire that so sweet a saying should proceed from so foul a mouth; that such a flower of Paradise should grow on such a Dunghil; that a stranger and an enemy to the God of Israel and the People of Israel, should so excellently set forth the glory of the one, and the happiness of the other; and that he should have so much of heaven in so short a prayer, *Let me dye*, &c.

'Twas our Saviours question, *Matth.7. 16. Do men gather Grapes of Thorns, or Figs of Thistles.* Here's a Thorn brings forth Grapes, an Inchanter with the expressions of a Prophet. How can we sufficiently admire the wisdome and power of God, in making wicked men to sound forth his praises, even the Devil himself to set forth the glory of the Father, and proclaim the divinity of the Son. Hard hearted *Pharaoh* must confess his power, the

the Magicians his works; and *Balaam* ſhall be ſenſible of his glory, witneſs his Petition, *Let me dye*, &c. A foul breath may make a Trumpet ſound ſweetly, a crackt Bell may toll in others to Church, a ſtinking carcaſe may have a honey-comb in it; and a Sorcerer may ſpeak good Divinity: I am ſure *Balaam* did, and a prayer as excellent, *Let me dye the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.*

Hence obſerve, that we are not to judge of any man by his words or paſs our verdict by the out-ſide; for many cry *Templum Domini* with their mouths, that have the Devil in their hearts; and the Devil himſelf ſometimes counterfeits an Angel of light. Many make a fair profeſſion of Chriſtianity, that ſpeak well, hear much, and underſtand more; upon examination you will finde by their actions, that they have meerly a *form of godlineſs, but deny the power of it*; that at beſt will appear but like the Devil in *Samuels* Mantle. We uſe to ſay, that all is not gold that gliſters, and 'tis as true that all are not holy that ſeem ſo; all not Saints that have demure looks and ſpeci-

ous

ous pretences. Our Saviour hath told us, that the tree is known by his fruit; and God that ſearches the reins, knows the heart, and judges of the outward actions by it. *Balaams* words beſpeak him both a Prophet and a Saint; and he did as clearly propheſie of Chriſt, as any Prophet of the Lord, either before or after him: and 'tis thought by ſome, that his Prophecy of a Star to riſe out of *Jacob*, &c. drew thoſe Perſians King to attend the motion of that Star that appeared at our Saviours Incarnation. 'Tis moſt certain that *Balaam* ſpake ſo well, that no man could ſpeak better; yet he could ſpeak ſo bad, that the Devil himſelf could not ſpeak worſe; as when he adviſed the Moabites to ſend their Daughters to commit whoredom with the Iſraelites, which occaſioned the death of twenty four thouſand Hebrews. And ſo I paſs from the Speakers deſcription, to the deſcription of his Speech.

The ſpeaker was *Balaam*, and his ſpeech, or rather his prayer, was, *Let me dye the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.* *Balaam* is ſo taken with the rayes of that Glory he beholds

at

at a diſtance, that he grows impatient. No more of life, nothing in it ſo deſirable. No more of this world, he ſees more glory in the next, and therefore courts death to convey him to that glory which he ſo much longs for. *Let me dye, &c.* What, could he not dye without asking leave? without much intreaty, death was ready to attend him; and for want of help he might have been his own executioner, and (as King *Saul* did a long time after) made his own ſword to have given him his *Mittimus* to the grave. No, *Balaam* (as bad as he was) would not lay violent hands on himſelf; he knew that God would not entertain any runnagate or ſtraggling ſons that came without his call. That God who infus'd a living Soul into our Bodies (when we began to be) will not have that ſoul come forth till he require it. 'Tis written *Revel.* 3. 21. *To him that overcomes, will I grant to ſit with me in my Throne; even as I alſo overcame, and am ſet down with my Father in his Throne.* To him that overcomes, not to him that runs away: to him that conquers, not him that flies from his colours. We are now but on our way, not yet in our

our countrey. In this world we must do our work, in that to come we must have our wages. Here we must fight under the Banner, there we must receive (if we deserve it) the Crown. This world is a Sea of trouble, that a Haven of rest; and those who to avoid the troubles of this, rush themselves out, by laying violent hands on themselves, shall never reach the happiness of that. For how can God afford Mercy to those, who have none for themselves? *Balaam* would dye, but how? There are (saith one) three sorts of death; the death of Nature, the death of Sin, and the death of Grace, (or rather a gracious death) or the death of the Just. 'Tis onely the last that *Balaam* sues for: *Let me dye* (sayes he) but no death will serve his turn, but that of the Just; *Let me dye the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.* My latter end, he is not altogether for himself, he hath some care of his posterity after him; he knew that God would be *Abrahams exceeding great reward*; and that he would be the same to his seed that he was to him: be the God of his seed, and of his seeds seed; and in them should all the

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Nations of the world be bleſſed. So *Balaams* prayes in reſpect of his own particular end, and for his poſterity, thoſe that were come, or were to come out of his loins, *Let my latter end be like his.*

Now for the further amplifying of this Prayer of *Balaams*, I ſhall draw theſe following Concluſions from it:

Firſt, That the Righteous dye, &c.

Secondly, That their death is happy, and attended with glory.

Thirdly, That none ſhall dye ſo, but thoſe that live ſo; or, that a holy Life is the onely prologue to a happy Death.

Laſtly, I ſhall preſent you with ſome ſhort Directions, how to lead ſuch a life, how to reach ſuch a Death, and this ſhall be my concluſion.

That Death is a debt of Nature, to be paid by all the ſons of men, is ſo known a truth, that it needs no further proof then common experience; the decree hath long ſince gone forth, that all men muſt once dye. So ſure as death (ſayes our common Proverb) and that's ſo ſure, that nothing more certain. For of all the Priviledges that Chriſt purchaſt for the ſons of men, he never granted this; for he himſelf

himself tasted of death, and so must all those do that breathe upon this earth, except those onely that shall be found alive at the day of judgement, which shall not dye but be chang'd. None are exempted from deaths rage, no honey without this gall, no exaltation without this humiliation; all must pass through his black Gates ere they can enter into glory.

And this brings me from the first conclusion to the second; from the certainty of death to all mankinde, to the Happiness of it to the righteous. *Let my latter end be like his.*

I cannot blame *Balaam* for making such wishes, and it had been well for him if it had fallen so, he had then been eternally happy as now miserable. Indeed, death to a righteons man, is but a sleep, (for so our Saviour stiles it,) it puts an end to our miseries and a beginning to our joyes; it cures all diseases, the aking head and the fainting heart, *Asa* of his Gout, and *Mephibosheth* of his lameness, *Lazarus* of his Sores, and *Gehazi* of his Leprosie; finishes that life that was a kinde of death (or a passage to it,) and gives birth to another, not subject to mutation;

on: and ſerves as a ſhort bridge to conduct the Pious ſoul to a ſpacious inheritance.

But it may here come within the verge of an inquiry, whether the righteous may deſire death; 'tis anſwer'd that it may be deſired, not for it ſelf, but for what it brings.

Firſt we may deſire it, as it puts a period to ſin: there's no offending of God in the Grave, ſin will be an inmate with the choiceſt of Gods Saints whilſt they are here, but is forc't to leave them when they leave the world. For (as one obſerves) ſin was the Midwife (or rather the womb) that brought death into the world, and death muſt be the Grave to bury ſin (ſo the Mother is killed by the Daughter.) Again, we may deſire it, as it brings us home to our Fathers houſe, near our Head and our elder Brother, ſo Saint *Paul* deſir'd it, *Phil.* 5. 23.

Secondly, That none ſhall dye ſo, but thoſe that live ſo, *&c.* For as the effect follows the cauſe, or the ſhadow the body; ſo happineſs is the attendant of holineſs. Would *Balaam* dye the

death of the Righteous, that was so far (as a learned Author observes of him) from living the life of the Righteous, that he gave Pestilent counsel against the lives of Gods Israel: and though here in a fit of compunction, he seem a friend, yet he was after slain by the Sword of Israel, whose happiness he admires and desires to share in. Carnal men care not to seek that which they would gladly finde; some faint desires and short-winded wishes may be sometimes found in them, but their mistake is in breaking Gods chain, to sunder Holiness from Happiness, Salvation from Sanctification, the end from the means; they would dance with the Devil, and sup with Christ at night. Live all their lives long in *Dalilahs* lap, and then go to *Abrahams* bosom when they dye. The Romanists have a saying, that a man would desire to live in *Italy* (a place of great pleasure) but to dye in *Spain*; because there the Catholick Religion (as they call it) is so sincerely profest. And a Heathen being askt whether he would rather be *Socrates*, a painful Philosopher, or *Crœsus* a wealthy King; an-

anſwer'd, That for his life he would be *Craſus*, but for the life to come, *Socrates*. But ſtay, not here and hereafter too; you know what Father *Abraham* ſaid to *Dives* in flames; *Son, Remember that thou in thy life time receiveds thy good things*, and therefore now, muſt look for evil. That King *Balaks* proffers, were ſo liberal, that *Balaam* was loath to forgo ſo fat a Morſel, his mouth watred, and his fingers itcht to be dealing with *Balak*; (he will ask God again and again to gain ſuch a prize) and his heart again is raviſht with Iſraels happineſs: he would fain pleaſe *Balak*, if he might not diſpleaſe God in it, and partake of both; but as *Balak* had not his will, ſo neither had *Balaam* either his wages or his wiſh. God oftentimes fools wicked men of their expectations, that whilſt they ſtrive to gain the happineſs of both worlds at once, finde neither: ſo here, I know not how fitter to compare *Balaam* then to a ſtranger travelling a far Countrey, beholds the ſtate and magnificence of the Court, but no intereſt in the King; or to a ſurveyor of Lands, that takes an exact compaſs

of other mens Grounds, of which he shall never enjoy a foot.

I shall see him (sayes *Balaam*) so shall every eye, and those also that pierc't him; but not as *Abraham* saw him and rejoyced; nor as *Job*, Chap. 19. 25. The pure in heart onely see him to their comfort; when *Balaam* beholds him it shall be with terror; and though when he made this prayer his soul danc't on his lips, ready to flye off, yet was he never nearer heaven then those *Pisgah* Hills; Had *Balaams* works been answerable to his words, or his worth to his wishes, he might have reacht his desires. But as *Saul* who was once among the Prophets fell after from God, so *Balaam* is not long in these raptures, and therefore for all his devotion, though he were not so wicked as to kill himself, is nevertheless so unfortunate, as to fall by the Sword of the Israelites, even among the thickest of Gods Enemies, the Midianites; as you may read at large in the one and thirtieth Chapter of this Book of *Numbers*, v. 8.

There is no man so much an enemy to himself, but would be happy if happiness were

were to be gain'd with wiſhing for: Ask the wickedſt man upon earth, if he does not hope to dye well, he will tell you he does, and ſo he will, if a word upon his death-bed will do it; A *Lord have mercy upon me*: but alas Heaven is not to be attained on ſuch eaſie tearms. *Cain* may be diſtracted for his Murder, *Balaam* and *Saul* may Propheſie, *Ahab* walk in Sack-cloth, *Judas* Preach and do miracles, and all to no purpoſe; 'twas not *Eſau's* blubber'd eyes that could recover either his Birth-right or his Fathers bleſſing. I cannot but reprehend their folly that ſpend their dayes in ſin and vanity, and at the point of death, think to turn ſuddain penitents, as if that would do: how foully are they miſtaken that think ſo, for he that lives like a devil upon earth, (though under an Angels vail) ſhall never be a Saint in Heaven?

So I have now done with the parts propos'd: what remains, but that I in brief give ſome ſhort directions, how to lead this happy life, how to reach that happy death, and ſo Ile conclude. For the certain and ſpeedy attainment of which

be pleased seriously to weigh these following instructions.

First, be conversant in the Scriptures, make that your day and your night studies, and take notice of the lives of all Gods Saints, and endeavours to track them in those steps which brought them to glory. Make *Abrahams* faith, and *Jobs* patience, *Eliahs* zeal, and *Hezekiahs* Integrity, patterns of your immitation. Let *Joseph* be an example of unconquer'd chastity, and *Moses* of meekness and humility. Let *Davids* troubles teach us to depend upon Gods Providence, and *Pauls* perseverance, not to be weary of his Corrections. Remember the Character which our Blessed Saviour gave of the Baptist, *That he was a burning and a shining light.* Indeed the Saints of God in all ages have serv'd as Beacons on hills to give light to a crooked and perverse generation. Oh that we could but learn by their examples to adorn our profession, and we shall be no losers in the end. What sayes *David*, *Marke the upright man, and behold the just*, (indeed he is worth the noting) *for the end of that man is peace.* He it is that may

may be truly ſaid to leave this world like a Lamb, and ſhall for ever be owned in a better for one of Chriſts fold. But above all look upon him that is the Author and finiſher of your Faith; ſtrive to immitate the bleſſed ſteps of the holy Jeſus, whoſe feet were ever running Gods Commandements, whoſe hands were ever buſied in works of Charity, his eyes ever looking for Objects of Mercy, whoſe Soul was ever yerning with bowels of Compaſſion, whoſe diſcourſe was alwayes gracious, and guile never found in his lips. And that we may be the better fitted to write after ſuch bleſſed copies, let us ſet a narrow watch over our thoughts, words, and actions, that we offend in neither; but remember that he is an Almighty and Omniſcient God, with whom we have to do, and all things naked and bare to his all-ſeeing eye; and that we may make a happy progreſs in our Chriſtian courſe, let's trample on the vanities of this world and have our converſation in Heaven whilſt we are on Earth. Put a right value on the things of this world, and whilſt we are in this; make ſure of a

better, that when this fabrick shall be on a flame, we may finde a place of refuge in those glorious and everlasting Habitations: and that we by no means put off our Repentance from day to day, but take time by the fore-top, for we know not what a day may bring forth. There are many now in Hell yelling forth their too late Lamentations, that would have repented, had they had a morrow; let us be ever contemplating of our last end, and of that great account we must all one day make, and account every day as our last; that when death comes we may be so prepar'd for his approach, as to entertain him as a friend, not dread him as an enemy. 'Twas a good prayer of *Davids*, *Psal.* 9. 20. *Let the Nations know themselves to be but men.* Oh that we did but seriously take this into our consideration, and rightly understand our frame whereof we are made, and remember that we are but dust; and what is dust but the slave of the beesom and the sport of the winde. That the luxurious person would consider that he is the fouler dust, by so much as he is stain'd and de-

have beheld before; never ſuch a wonder in the world. The Child of a Virgin, and God a child (ſaith the Evangelical Propheſie) never ſuch a Jubile in the World, as a Chriſt and a Saviour, (ſayes the Angellical Hiſtory) what was foretold by *Iſa's* Pen is fulfilled in *Gabriels* Tongue; which ſpeaks comfort not to ſome Perſons, but to all People; all, elſe Perſons and People had been eternally loſt. *To you he is born*, to you men he is, to us Angels he is not. [We that ſtood have not the need: they that fell have not the grace of Salvation; nor ſhall any means be ever us'd for their reſtauration, as being included under the eternal decree of Gods everlaſting diſpleaſure.] *This day* (it ſeems then he had a day for his incarnation or Nativity, though this profane age deny it him) by his birth made a bleſſed day. Proclaim'd by one Angel a joyful feaſt, obſerv'd by many for a feaſt of joy; By many Angels that day, and by all Saints ſince in all ages, as the Birth-day of no petty Prince, but the great Soveraign and Saviour of the World, who was

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annointed and appointed for that purpose.

This is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.

And now having a Saviour (and such a Saviour) for my subject, I shall bend my inquiries after his Person, Names, and Offices, his Actions and Passions, the end of both, Parallel his Divinity with his Humanity; his first, with his second coming, and so conclude.

First, then for the object or person here spoken of, who it is, who is this that comes sayes *Isay*? 'Tis he that was from eternity, before the Mountains were brought forth, or the foundations of the world were laid, God from everlasting and world without end. The second person of the glorious Trinity, his Name. *Jesus*, (because a Saviour) *and Christ the Lord*, (because the annointed of God) the one answering his Divinity, the other his Humanity, and both his Office; design'd he was of old for mans Redemption, promised and propheſied of long before he came; as the Womans Seed, *Abrahams* Son, *Davids* Throne,

Throne, *Balaams* Scepter, *Isay's Immanuel*, *Micahs* Ruler, and *Judahs* Lion; whom *Abraham* saw afar of, and *Balaam* beheld, but not nigh. In a word, he was the Light of the Gentiles, (because to them he manifested himself by a star, (or rather by an Angel, (as some think in a Pillar of fire) and the glory of his people Israel, (because to them he was proclaime'd by Angels.) Thus you have now seen who it is that is here spoken of, I now come to the act that he is here said to do.

He came, he bow'd the heavens and came down, exchanged his Fathers Bosom for the Virgins womb, and became *Immanuel, God with us*. *The expres's Image of his Father* takes the form of a Servant. He who in the beginning of time, made man in his own image, is in the fulness of time, made after our likeness, the Word flesh; the Ancient of Dayes, a little Child; the Highest Majesty cloathed in the lowest Misery; the most High God, a Servant; and the Lord of Glory, a Man of Sorrows: Admire we may, but Apprehend we cannot, the matchless Humility and unparallel'd

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Condeſcentions of our Bleſſed Saviour, that he that was ſo great that the Heavens could not contain him, ſhould be ſo little as to be circumſcrib'd in the Womb of a Virgin. That he that was ſo rich that all the Gold and the Silver was his, and the Cattel upon a thouſand hills, ſhould be ſo poor as to be deſtitute of a penny to pay *Caſar* tribute, without being beholding to a fiſhes mouth. That he that was ſo powerful as to command the Devils to their Chains, ſhould be ſo meek as to ſuffer himſelf to be led like a Lamb to the ſlaughter. Yet thus he ſuffer'd it to be *to fulfill all Righteouſneſs*; and nothing did he think too much either to do or ſuffer for mans Redemption.

Man had ſinn'd againſt an infinite Majeſty; and ſatisfaction was to be made to an offended Deity; and that ſatisfaction to be as infinite as the nature of the tranſgreſſion was, which ſatisfaction could be given no other way but by ſuffering; that ſuffering no leſs then the utmoſt of an inraged and incenſed malice; that malice as general as men and devils; the puniſhment great, the puniſhers many; Heaven, Earth, and

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Hell (an angry God, an incenſt World, and an inraged Hell) and he that was to indure all this to be innocent. No manſo pure, no angel ſo powerful to undergo all this, God could not dye, nor men or Angels bear ſuch a burden, therefore it muſt be a God-man, (a God and Man united in one Perſon, the one to bear, the other to ſuffer; and ſuch a one was our Bleſſed Saviour whoſe ſpotleſs innocency and unconquered Patience in in his expreſſeſs pains, repreſents the refulgent Rayes of a Divine Power that kept frail Humanity from ſinking to deſperation under ſo great a preſſure; all muſt needs acknowledge that the miſeries he indured were unſpeakable, and his patience infinitely beyond a preſident. If we take but a ſtrict ſurvey of the means and miſeries that attend his Birth, the inexpreſſable grievances of his life, and the ſadneſs of his death, we ſhall in each of theſe finde him demonſtrated a man of Sufferings.

He was born in little obſcure *Bethlehem*, not in great and glorious *Jeruſalem*, and not in a Palace there, (though the City of *David*) but an Inne, (a place

place of common resort.) Not in the gueſt Chamber, or choiceſt Room in the Inne, but in a Stable, a place of repoſe for Beaſts, (far unfit for the King of kings Bed-chamber) the Lamb which all the ſhepherds left their flocks to finde, is laid in a Manger; his attendants but mean and not many, his reputed Father and the Bleſſed Virgin; no ſooner eight dayes old but the circumciſing knife (according to the Law) muſt paſs upon him (that came to fulfill both the Law and the Prophets) with the loſs of his Blood, (as an earneſt of that which after in a more abundant manner flowed from him.) And before two years old, is forc't to flye for his Life when he could not go; his whole Life 'twas but a continual ſupply of Croſſes, from his *Alpha* in the Manger, to his *Omega* on Mount *Calvary*, from his Cradle to his Crucifixion, and from his Womb to his Tomb he might truly be termed a *man of Sorrows*. When once he ſhewed himſelf to the world, how was he hunted like a Partridge upon the Mountains, in often hazards of his Life ere his hour was come he ſhould lay it down. He had not hi

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mean Birth for nothing, for as he was born under another mans roof, ſo all the time of his Life had he no houſe of his own, (he that was Lord of all poſſeſt nothing.) He was poorer then the Foxes, and not ſo rich as the Fowls of the Aire, (for the one had holes, the other had neſts) but he no place of his own to reſt in. (For a houſe he hath not a hole, for Lands he hath none, but what he treads upon; for moneys, a fiſh brings him a piece to pay his Tribute with; for pleaſure, the Croſs is his Cogniſance; for Honour, Contempt is his common Livery.) How much ignomy and contempt did he paſs through, and how many opprobrious words did he patiently receive from the foul-mouth'd Multitude, who were ever guilty of putting the worſt gloſſes and conſtructions on his actions. If he works miracles they preſently twit him with his Parentage; *Is not this the Carpenters ſon? and can good come out of Nazareth.* If he converſe with ſinners, he muſt be one himſelf, or at leaſt a friend to them; and in that they ſpake truer then they were aware, for he was the beſt friend that Sinners

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or Publicans ever had. If he heals a Cripple, or do any other work of mercy on the Sabbath day, he is presently censur'd for a profaner of the Sabbath. If he cast out devils, he doth it by *Belzebub*; at last his *Exit* draws nigh, that all the miseries of his life shall be infinitely transcended by a painful and shameful death, as a sad preface to which (in order to the compleating the work of mans Redemption) begins his agony in the Garden, where indeed he receiv'd the first relish of that bitter cup of his Fathers Indignation, which he was to drink of. Here began the travel and anguish of his Soul, that produc't those drops of bloody sweat, which in so plentiful a manner flowed from him in a cold Winters night. The conflict must needs be sharp that put him in such a heat in so cool an Aire, as doubtless it was, for the sins of the whole world lay upon him. 'Twas thy sin, O man, caused this blood-shed: Thy guilt this sweat; that was the Sword, this the fire which made this blood and sweat. *Adam* sinn'd in a Garden, Christ there swears for it; his day lust made this night sweat. Mans spirit was distempered in *Eden*. Gods bo-

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dy therefore is thus bedew'd in *Gethſemane*; that we might not burn and fry in Hell, he thus ſweats and bleeds on earth; he ſuffers this horrid Agony for a time, that we ſhould not endure a helliſh and worſe extremity for ever; ſo he was Gods Holocauſt, that we might not be the Devils Burnt-offering. Beſides *Gethſemane's* pains, *Golgotha's* was upon him, thoſe floods of blood foreſeen made theſe drops trickle. The paſſion then to be acted on his body was now imprinted in his minde; the rage of Hell, the wrath of Heaven, the wretchedneſs of man, ingrateful man, for whoſe ſake all this was ſuffered, to ſave him from that wrath and Hell. Heaven, Earth, and Hell, all in Union to afflict one (though God and Man) muſt needs make a heavy conflict, a bloody Agony. And that it might not be long ere he finiſh that on Mount *Calvary* which he hath ſo ſadly begun here, (that the one might be but a ſhort and ſharp preface to the other) he is betrayed; he that did eat at his Table with him kicks up his heel againſt him, and traytor-like betrayes him with a kiſs, and delivers him into the hands of his cruel ene-

mies, who with an unlimited rage do be-
gin to abuſe him, and is now toſt like a
Ball from one place to another, whilſt
malice is inventing new tortures. He is
firſt brought to the houſe of *Annas* the
high Prieſt, (who reſtrains not the inra-
ged multitude from venting their malice
in revenge) thence is ſent to *Caiphas*, (an-
other of the Devils Sanedrims) who had
formerly in a counſel reſolved he ſhould
dye, yet now paliating the deſigne with
the ſcheme of a Tribunal. They ſeek out
for Witneſſes, and the Witneſſes are to
ſeek out for allegations; and when they
finde them, they are to ſeek for proof; and
thoſe proofs were to ſeek for unity and
conſent; but all too ſhort to reach his in-
nocency: he is ſent to *Pilate*, who (un-
derſtanding him to belong to *Herods* Ju-
riſdiction) ſends him to *Herod*, who ſets
him at naught, and his men of War abuſe
him, (what elſe to be expected from rude
Souldiers whoſe very ſports are cruelty)
then ſent back again to *Pilate*, attended
with the hiddeous exclamations of the
Rabble-rout, whoſe note (as they paſs
along nothing but Crucifie.) The Ro-
man Preſident (ſmelling malice in the bu-
ſineſs,

ſineſs uſes ſeveral arguments, of perſwaſion to appeaſe the multitude, and aſſwage their malice, in order to the ſaving of his life. The firſt drawn from his Innocency, I finde no fault in him; nor yet *Herod*, he is an innocent Perſon; one ſo far from deſerving death, that I cannot finde he ever did any thing to merit a reproof; (malice it ſelf cannot tax him of any Crime except innocency be Criminal) here I bring him forth to you, that you may know that he is clear from all objections, and nothing juſtly to be laid to his charge; and no fault, no ſentence. I that ſit in the place of Judicature muſt not commit ſo great a piece of injuſtice as the ſentencing an Innocent to death. But this not ſatisfying the multitude, he delivers him over to bloody chaſtiſements: ſo he is torn with Whips, crowned with Thorns, blind-folded, derided, and buffeted, even to the wearying of his tormentors. *Pilate* (being himſelf mov'd with pitty at the ſight) preſents him in this forlorne and dolorous condition to them; that his blood might become a mantle to him; that if his innocency could not ſpeak ſufficiently for him, his ſorrows might. *Be-*

hold the man, behold an Innocent afflicted, one without Crime miſerably chaſtiz'd; who can behold him without pitty, no heart (unleſs harder then Adamant) but muſt needs melt into tears at ſuch a ſight, no malice (except altogether implacable) but would be appeas'd with ſuch ſharp and ſo underſerved revenge. I appeal to you all whether he be not an object of pitty rather then further cruelty; and whether you have not greater reaſon to bewail his miſery then increaſe it: but this will not do. No ſorrows which are not mortal; no ſufferings which are not deadly; no blood but the heart-blood can ſatisfie the malicious; and therefore albeit crown'd with Thorns, and flead with Whips, they ſtill cry Execution, Execution; *Let him be crucified.*

But *Pilate* (notwithſtanding theſe obſtinate repulſes) again ſolicites them to ſave his life, (and that his arguments might be crown'd with ſucceſs) he changes his ſtile from a man of ſorrows, preſents him as a king of ſufferings; that ſo his dignity might prevail where his miſeries could not; and that the majeſty

jeſty of the ſufferer might aggravate his ſufferings and their cruelty, beſpeaks them thus: *Behold your King*, behold a king deprived of his comforts, ſpoiled of all his goods, ſold by his brethren, apprehended by his ſubjects, ſcourged as a villain, derided as a fool. Behold a King who hath no other uſe of majeſty, but to aggravate his miſery. Behold a King whoſe ſufferings are as tranſcendent as his perſon. Behold a King who hath ſuffered things bitterer then death. Behold a King (yea your King) how he hath ſuffered every thing but death, and ſhall that malice of yours purſue him even do death it ſelf: ſhall I crucifie your King; will ye have me to bring innocent blood upon my own head as well as yours, and be a ſharer with you in ſo hateful a ſin? For my part Ile have no hand in it, and let me adviſe you to have none neither; wherefore let me requeſt you to deſiſt from ſo bloody a deſign. And if ye have no regard neither to his innocency, ſufferings, nor majeſty, look upon your own reputations, which will ſuffer much for putting ſuch a perſon to death. Do not you know (I mean you that are the Do-

ctors of the Law, and the Elders of the People) that the name of a King is ſacred, God owns it as one of his Titles, and them as his Vicegerents that repreſent himſelf, who is the great Monarch of Heaven and Earth; and their perſons as ſacred as their names, being ſubject to no Tribunal but that of Heaven; no Judge but the higheſt: Wherefore to offer violence to one that bears that Title, were a piece of ſuch unparallel'd cruelty, for which your ſelves could produce no example, nor the world a preſident; all nations would cry ſhame at ſo horrid a fact, and your own conſciences would fly in your faces for committing ſo hainous a Crime. Away then with ſo bloody a motion; you that pretend your ſelves ſuch Zealots, ſtain not your hands with ſuch blood, nor your ſouls with the guilt of it, leſt ye bring ſuch an odium on your Nation, which your ſelves nor poſterity ſhall be ever able to take off. But all his rhetorick will not ſerve turne, for their guilty conſciences told them that they had already done more then they could juſtifie: Therefore the more he perſwades, the more

more they exclaim, leſt their King might have out-liv'd his wounds, recover'd his loſſes, and turn'd his Reed into a Scepter; they earneſtly importune the Judge to diſpatch him. Let him be be Crucified. He is no King of ours: If he were, we ſhould not thus proſecute him: *We have no King but Cæſar*, and thou art not *Cæſars* friend if thou let him go. 'Tis not his innocency, nor his ſorrows, nor his majeſty which thou ſo much plead'ſt for, ſhall ſatisfie us? 'tis his deſerved death, which we ſue for, and nought but that ſhall excuſe him. Take thou no care, if he dye unjuſtly, the guilt ſhall lie on us, not thee. Wherefore act thou thy part, perform thy office, and we will ours; as thou ſitteſt in judgement to do juſtice, expreſs it by thy condemnation of this man. Thou ſeeſt the proofs are clear, and evidence perſpicuous. Therefore without any more delayes, excuſes, or apologies, pronounce the ſentence, we will ſee it executed.

Pilate finding all his reaſons too ſhort to convince unreaſonable men, is now brought to his laſt ſhift, and that's to make him a donative and freeman at the

Petition of the People; but they prefer *Barrabbas*, a Rebel, a Murderer, before the Saviour of the World; desire to have him Crucified, who raised the dead; & to have the other released, who destroyed the living. *Pilate* now finding that all his projects were frustrated, and no way left to save his life, calls for water, and washes his hands before them as innocent of his Blood; but (being a timerous Man) affraid of the Jews, lest they should mutiny or tel tales to his Master, (whereby he might lose either his place or *Cæsars* favour) delivers up the most unspotted person in the world into the hands of malice, to glut it self with revenge in the exercising the most exquisite torments, and expatiating them to the longest thread of misery; but as if all this did not adde enough to the sadness of his tragedy, he must (after all this) dye, and the worst of deaths, [the Cross] onely inflicted on most notorious offenders, and betwixt two infamous Thieves (the worst sort of companions.) In order to which, he is led forth of the holy (now the bloody) City *Jerusalem* to the place of execution, bearing his own Cross, his head adorn'd with his Crown of Thorns, which was not at all pul'd off,

(so

(ſo it became the King of ſufferings not to lay aſide his imperial thorns til they were chang'd into Diadems of glory) he advances Mount *Calvary*, (a place difficult in the aſcent, eminent & apt for the publication of ſhame, a hil of death and dead bones) where he is ſtript naked, who cloaths the field with flowers and all the world with robes, and the whole Globe with the Canopy of Heaven. A gay ſpectacle to ſatisfie impious eyes, who would not ſtay behinde but attend the hangman to ſee the cataſtrophe of this bloody tragedy; he is now faſtened to his Croſs, and heaven and earth (all creatures in both) vailed in blacks to lament his obſequies, as if terrified at his ſufferings, whilſt men and devils conſpire to increaſe them, that he might have no ſenſe, but that of miſery. How are all his ſenſes at once tormented in him; (and he in all of them) his eies in ſeeing nothing but what diſconſolated and afflicted him; either his enemies rejoycing at his ſufferings, or his friends (thoſe few poor friends he had) lamenting his miſeries. His ears play'd upon from every ſide with whole volleys of fearful blaſphemies; *If thou be the King of Iſrael deſcend from the*

Croſs, (cry the Jews.) *If thou be the Chriſt ſave thy ſelf and us*, (ſayes one of his fellow ſufferers. For his ſmell, Ile not offend the nice and delicate with commemorating the noiſomneſs of the place, and the abominable ſtench he there was ſenſible of. For his taſte, he had nothing adminiſtred it, to ſweeten the bitterneſs of death, but Gall and Vinegar. For his feeling, we have ſpoken of that before (if it were not altogether unſpeakable what he felt.) In a word, all heads are working, and all hands buſied in lengthning his torments, and now tormentors and tormented both weary, (the one in doing the other in ſuffering) he yields up the ghoſt. But their malice doth not terminate with him, though he be dead, their malice ſtill lives, which we ſhall ſee preſently break forth; for though *Joſeph* of *Arimathea* (one of their councel, but not againſt his life) had begg'd the body of *Pilate*, they alſo go to *Pilate* fraught with malice againſt his memory, (that had done their worſt to his perſon, and beſpeak *Pilate*; Sir, *This deceiver ſaid whilſt he was yet alive, that in three dayes he ſhould riſe again*; *therefore*

therefore let his Sepulchre be made ſure with a guard, leſt his Diſciples come and ſteal him away by night, and ſay he is riſen. *Pilate* grants their requeſt, and now they triumph in their villany, and think perpetually to keep him there whom they had brought thither. Is this the Saviour of the world ſay they, that could not ſave himſelf? Where now are theſe dreaming ſhepherds who ſpake ſo big of a quire of Angels that ſhould ſing his Nativity? Where thoſe Angels that they come not to his Reſcue? Where are thoſe beſotted vulgar that rob'd the trees of their branches, and themſelves of their garments, to ſtrow his way to Jeruſalem, and ſang *Hoſanna's* to him as the ſon of *David*, a Saviour of the world? have not we laid their *Hoſanna's* in the duſt? and he whom they adored as a Deity, executed as a Malefactor? Is this he that would deliver Iſrael that could not himſelf? We do not expect ever to be delivered by ſo mean a hand, and ſo ſlender a retinue; we expect a glorious Prince with a princely train of unconquer'd warriors, not a Carpenters ſon and ſilly fiſher-men; God never

never gave us any promiſe or preſident of ſuch a Saviour. We know that 'twas by a ſtrong arm he delivered our Fathers out of *Egypt*, and that he gave them Saviours afterwards when they were in *Canaan*, ſuch as by force of arms broke the bonds of their oppreſſors; and are not we involv'd in as miſerable ſlavery and bondage as ever our fathers were? hath not the invincible Roman Eagle ſpread his wings o're the greateſt part of the world, and ſeized many kingdoms with his ravenous talons, (making Kings his Prey, and Scepters his Conqueſt) and who but a mighty Saviour can deliver us and our Countrey from ſo potent an adverſary? If this be he that undertook to do it (or were ſent from God for the purpoſe) where's his power to make him ſo? where's his red-coat Souldiers, whoſe very garments might ſpeak nothing but blood and death to our inſulting foes? where's his Magazin and Money, his Swords and Piſtolls, his Granado's and Murdering-pieces, his Captains and Officers to lead his Army, that they did not perfect that happy work, but ſuffer their Lord and Maſter thus to fall.

O fools and ſlow of heart to believe what the Prophets have ſpoken; ought not Chriſt to have ſuffered theſe things, and to enter into his glory! was he not long before propheſied of to come in the form of a ſervant, not in the gayiſh magnificence of an earthly prince; that he ſhould be a man of ſorrows, and by his ſufferings ſhould purchaſe freedom and happineſs for inthral'd mankinde. How exactly doth your Prophet *Iſay* pourtray to the life both his perſon and ſufferings, and writes of him in the Preſent Tenſe not the Future, as a thing then really acted, not after to be fulfilled; as more becoming an Evangeliſt then a Prophet, in giving rather a Hiſtory of his ſufferings then a Prediction of them: but leſt ye ſhould not think one witneſs enough, look upon all the Prophets that have been ſince the world began, you will finde, they did all unanimouſly breathe with one mouth the myſtery of his coming, and of that redemption which by his death he was to accompliſh. Was not his Birth long before propheſied of, as to the time, manner, and place of it, his perſon, names, and offices, his tribe and

Family

Family, his eternal Generation, the union of his God-head with his Humanity, his Humiliation upon earth, his perfect obedience to his Father, his riding to Jerusalem in triumph, the childrens *Hosanna's*, his Agony in the Garden, the manner of his delivery, the price he was sold for, the flight of his Disciples, the parting his garments, the piercing his hands and his feet, his revilings on the Cross, his companions in death, his patience in suffering, his dying words for whom he should lay down his life, and whom he should conquer; and what clearer proof could ye desire then the mouths and attestations of so many witnesses: and could ye be so blinde as not to discover this to be he that was of old design'd and foretold to be the worlds Saviour: did ye not behold a majesty in the sufferer? did not the refulgent beams of his divinity shine through the greatest clouds of his adversity? and did not Humility and Glory go hand in hand through the several passages of his life and death, that by miracles as well as miseries he might convince the world? That he should abase himself so low, as

to

to be born of a Virgin, that ſpake his humility; but to have his incarnation publiſht by an heavenly hoſt, and kings to riſe to the brightneſs of his coming, this his glory: to ſuffer himſelf to be baptized in the common river of *Jordan*, that ſpeaks his humility; but there to be proclaim'd the onely beloved Son and Saviour of the world, both by the teſtimony of the Father, and preſence of the Holy Ghoſt, this his glory: to receive the ſlaunders of his Countrey-men, that he caſt out devils by *Belzebub*, that ſpake his humility; but to make the devils confeſs him to be the Son of the Higheſt, this his glory: to ſuffer death, even the death of the Croſs, that ſpeaks his humility; but to make the foundations of the world to ſhake, the Sun to vail it ſelf in black, the moon to hide her head, the rocks to rend, and the vail of the temple to part in ſunder at his yielding up of the ghoſt, this his glory: to be laid in another mans Sepulchre, that ſhews his humility; but to make the Graves to open to receive him as their Lord, and the dead to riſe to atteſt his Divinity, this his glory: to ſuffer himſelf

ſelf to be ſeal'd up in his Sepulchre with a guard of Souldiers to keep him there, that was humility; but in that houſe of death to have the viſits of Angels, and to riſe from thence by his own power, this his glory: to ſojourn forty dayes on that earth where he had been ſo cruelly handled ſpeaks his humility; but to have a convoy of Angels to fetch him away, and to aſcend on high with ſuch a guard of attendants in view of ſo many witneſſes, this his glory. And thus did he evidence his mediatorſhip by the loweſt humiliation of his humanity, and exaltation of his divinity, by the glorious miracles; by the one he did do, and the inſufferable injuries in the other, he did undergo. How many glorious miracles did he work, certainly if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in *Tyre* and *Sidon*, they had repented long ago in ſackcloth and aſhes. Did he not feed your admiring multitudes 5000 of them at one time with five barley loaves and two fiſhes, and twelve baskets of fragments to ſpare? did he not turn water into wine, heal the ſick, make the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, the blinde

blinde to ſee, and the dumb to ſing? did he not cleanſe the Leper, caſt out Devils, raiſe the dead, even a *Lazarus* that had been a four dayes priſoner in the Grave? Many things of him were remarkable, and ſuited with him as he was the *Meſſiah*, as to his Birth, Death, and Burial: he was born under *Auguſtus Cæſar* at ſuch a time, when there was an univerſal peace o're the whole world; to ſhew that he was the prince of peace, and came to reconcile his Father to fallen man. In *Bethlehem* the houſe of bread, for him that was the bread of life, and the life of the world. In an Inne, (a place of common reſort for all perſons) to ſhew that all perſons ſhould have free admiſſion to him, and that he was in publick to manifeſt himſelf to the world. He was Crucified without the Gates of *Jeruſalem*, to ſhew that he died for thoſe out of the pale of the Church; on Mount *Calvary*, a place of death, to ſhew that he came to deſtroy death; on a Croſs, to ſhew that that was the way to a Crown; and by his ſufferings on that tree of ſhame, he purchaſt for us diadems of glory. He was buried in a Grave cut out of a Rock,

Rock to ſhew that he was the Stone cut out of the Mountain; a Grave untoucht, for a body undefil'd, in a Garden where mankinde was loſt, for him by whom the world was ſaved. But this is not all, he was a King, and ſuch a one you lookt for; but here's the difference, you lookt for one to come in outward pomp and ſplendor, he in meekneſs and humility; (for the glory of his kingdom conſiſts not in outward ſhew, but hidden ſplendor) you lookt for a temporal Savior, he an eternal; you, to be freed in bodies and eſtates, he to ſave your ſouls; (in compariſon of which the whole world is not worthy a name) you to be delivered from the Roman yoke, he from the Devils tyranny. The weapons of his warfare were ſpiritual, and his glory not temporal, witneſs his progreſs to the Royal City; for inſtead of Chariots, and Steeds, and Trains of State, he hath not a beaſt, but a borrowed one, to ride upon, no Crown on his head, no Scepter in his hand, no Cloth of State over him, no precious Furniture about him, no Tiſſue upon him, no Capariſons of Gold under him. No rich Carpets and curi-

curious Tapeſtries before him. No Heralds in robes. No Clarions. No Trumpets to proclaim him. And yet *Solomon* in all his glory was not arrayed like this Lilly of the Vallies. No Coats of Arms like his Fiſher-mens. No Laurels to the peoples Boughs. No veſts of beaten gold to their ſpread Clothes. No Troops of Nobles to his Trains. No Grandees to his Diſciples (which have even the Devils themſelves for their ſubjects) no Heralds to the Babes that bleſs him. No *Salve's*, no *Jo's*, no *Ave's* to the Hoſanna's and Beniſons beſtowed on him. He was a King (as he told *Pilate*) but 'twas of another world: his Throne Heaven, the Angels his Courtiers, and the whole Creation his Subjects; his Judicatory the Courts of Conſcience and Church Tribunals, and at Doomſday the Clouds. It was ordered by Divine Providence that you ſhould put him to death, elſe you ſhould never have had the power to have done it. Had he pleas'd he could have call'd Legions of Angels to his reſcue, (one of which armed with his permiſſion able to deſtroy a world. In teſtimony of which, did not the

who[illegible]

whole fabrick of heaven and earth acknowledge him, whom the devils themſelves beheld with terror, and are you ſo ſtupied as not to take notice of him, did not you ſee the rocks rend at his Paſſion, and are you ſo ſenſeleſs as to think that a ſtone ſhall bar his Reſurrection? did ye not hear of dead Saints walking up and down the City, and do you think to hinder it in a dead Saviour? Was not a whole band of you ſtruck down with a word of his Mouth, and can a watch keep him from riſing up; though your Souldiers be too ſtrong for weak Diſciples, are they able to contend with Angels? 'Twas ſtrange that he that was immortal ſhould taſte of death, but impoſſible he ſhould ſee corruption. Wherefore notwithſtanding all your guards he ſhall riſe the third day, all the powers of hell ſhall be too weak to detain him longer, or hinder his return to his Fathers Boſome, there to continue till the laſt day: and then this Carpenters Son ſhall come in the Clouds with Power and great Glory, and thoſe ſilly Fiſhermen ſit upon twelve Thorns, and judge the twelve Tribes of Iſrael. Look there-

therefore on him now with faith, whom elſe you ſhall then behold with horror and amazement; and now mourn leſt then too late ye repent; ſtrive to have an intereſt in his Blood as well as a hand in his Death.

And now dear Chriſtian, let me requeſt thee ſeriouſly to look back, admire, and make a right uſe of thy Saviours ſufferings, behold his readineſs to ſuffer, his willingleſs to ſave, the unſpeakableneſs of his pains, the greatneſs of his patience, and the luſter of his victory: how ready was he to ſave, how did his bowels yearn for loſt man; after the loſt ſheep of the houſe of Iſrael was he come, and to ſave ſinners was his errand? how ready was he to lay down his life? when they came with Swords and Staves to apprehend him, did he not betray himſelf by his ſo ready a confeſſion, *I am he.* How did he haſten that bitter cup, and how was he ſtraitned till he did ſuffer? did he not forbid Saint *Peter* the uſe of his Sword, though in ſo juſt a quarrel as his defence? how ready was he to pardon, how meek and patient in his ſufferings; was he not the Lamb dumb before

before the ſhearers that opened not his mouth; who being revil'd, revil'd not again, but prayed for his enemies whilſt they blaſphem'd him; which prayer of his was ſo prevalent with his father, that in fifty five dayes it occaſioned the converſion of eight thouſand of his enemies at one time. Chriſts ſufferings did as far tranſcend any other as his Perſon; but they were but for a time (they did not laſt alwayes) every Day hath his Night, every Summer its Winter, every Spring his Fall, and every Life his Death; and as ſome nights are darker then other, ſome Autumns more unſeaſonable, ſome Winters more ſharp, and ſome Deaths more (yea much more) cruel then others be: ſome men fall like fruit, others are cut down like trees; ſome cut up as the flower, others by the root; ſome men dye onely, others with torment, (which is two or more deaths in one;) but among all deaths that ever were ſuffer'd; never any ſo ſtrange, never any ſo ſad as our Saviours was; for in it both pain and patience met in their extremities; pain did her worſt to overcome patience, and patience her beſt to overcome pain;

pain; and yet neither had pain the upper hand, though it kil'd, nor patience loſt, though Chriſt dyed; ſuch was his paſſion, that the whole world cannot ſample it with its parallel; for Chriſts pain was ſuch, as never creature felt, and his patience ſo great, as for all the ſorrow he felt on the Croſs, he is not ſaid to have utter'd a groan there; ſo that it may eaſily be diſcerned, that patience had the victory, becauſe pain could neither make her leave the field till ſhe liſt, nor bring her to any conditions but her own (which were moſt honourable.) Though God be crucified, Life be dead, and Righteouſneſs ſuffer, all effected, yet nothing done to advance the contrary party. For through his body, Death ſlue it ſelf, and Sin and Satan took their deadly wounds; for now the fleſh hath loſt her life, and ſin in that, his throne; and death with it, his ſting; and the grave (with this) his power; and hell with them, her keys; and the devil with all his victory, whilſt he hangs deſpicably on the tree of ſhame, the powers of hell are dragg'd captive after the triumphant Chariot of his Croſs.

Well

Well might he therefore say, *'Tis finished*; for the Satisfaction is full, Salvation sure, Sin is nail'd, Hell foil'd, Satan chain'd, the World baffled, the Flesh wounded, Death slain, the Grave buried, and every Adversary-power conquer'd by Christ Triumphant over all; all is finished, mans redemption compleated, and that perfected he came about: *This is a true saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.*

But what is all this to us, what is it to know that Christ is a Saviour if he be not ours? what to know, that he came to save the world, if we are not one of the world, he came to save; what to know, that his death is satisfactory, to expiate the Justice of his Father, if we have no interest in it. I answer, that as Christ hath done his part so must we do ours, (if ever we hope to have part in his sufferings) he never came to save any that had no minde of salvation, (or to use those means which he hath appointed for all those that shall inherit eternal life) as he did both do and suffer for us, 'tis requisite we should either do or suffer, some-

something for him. His love to us, and sufferings for us were unspeakable, and they justly challenge our deepest affection and admiration, that he should purchase our happiness at so dear a rate as his own Blood; that God should be in Gore, that man might be in Bliss; the Prince of Life should dye, that the Childe of Death might live; that he should suffer on a Cross, that we might not in Hell. Did he sweat for our guilt, and shall not we weep for our own, and dissolve into love and tears for our dying Lord. O my soul shew thy affection to him, that expresst so much to thee! love him above thy life, to serve him think millstones light, to suffer for him make tortures pleasures, hate sin more then death, the Crown of pride as his Thorns, thy hearts lust, as his spear; thy iron neck and evil works and wayes, as his nails; their habit, as his hammer which drives them home into his heart, and his hands, and feet. Think not any thing enough thou suffereſt for his sake (that suffer'd so much for thine.) Though violent Tongues were laid on our Credit. Hands of Rapine on our Estates, of Bondage on

our Persons, of Blood on our Lives, be so far from shrinking at it, that hadst thou for one a thousand souls, give all to his service; a thousand bodies, all to his suffering; a thousand heads, all to his study; a thousand hearts, hate not one to thy Saviour; a thousand lives, lay out all to his honour. Hadst thou for two two thousand hands, let them all do his business; two thousand feet, let them all go his errands: if thou shouldst not, thou wert unworthy of such a Saviour.

Now that we may know the cause (or causes) of Christs coming, and understand our own duty, (in order to the making it a happy coming to us) be pleased to take notice of these following particulars.

There are (saith one) four causes of mans salvation: The Efficient cause. The Meritorious cause. The Instrumental cause. And the Final cause.

First, the Efficient cause, which is the love of God. 'Twas Gods love to the world that caused him to send his Son into the world. Had he not loved the world, he would not have permitted his Son to dye for the world. And he that

denied

denied us not his Son, who is Heir of all things, will not deny us any thing whereof he is heir.

Secondly, the Meritorious cauſe, That is Chriſt. 'Twas his Merits that purchaſt our happineſs: his Blood that gives us a right and title to that glorious, undefiled, and unfading Inheritance, which he aforehand hath taken poſſeſſion of.

Thirdly, the Inſtrumental cauſe, that is Faith. Chriſt is the onely cure of our leprous ſouls, Faith the hand to convey his merits to us. Suppoſe a plaiſter of a ſoveraign nature were laid by a man dangerouſly wounded, be the plaiſter never ſo excellent, he may dye of his wounds if it be not applied to him, (for without an active hand to apply the plaiſter to the ſore, the worth of it is not at all available.) Chriſt (ſaith one) may be compared to ſope, Faith to the hand of the Landreſs: though ſope (in it ſelf) be of a purifying nature, yet without the hand of the Landreſs it does nothing. The Apoſtle tells us, that *we are ſaved by Faith*; but that we may underſtand what that ſaving Faith is which the Apoſtle ſpeaks of, we are to preſent it

first in the Negative, what 'tis not; then in the Affirmative, what it is. Not an Historical Faith onely, for that the Devils and damned in hell have, (that shall never receive any benefit at all by the death of Christ) they know that Christ came into the world, and that he suffered, and that a day will come in which he shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, when he shall take vengeance on all the ungodly of the earth, and compleat their torments. Not a Temporary Faith: 'tis not to be a Saint for ones ends, and a Devil at ones pleasure; they that make a profession of Christianity must persevere to the end, for none but he that endures to the end, shall reach the end of Christs coming, or his own salvation. It must not be a Mental Faith neither: 'tis not the hearer, or the speaker, but the doer that shall be blessed. Many that shall say, *Lord, Lord*, shall be shut out of his Kingdom. It must be a true Faith, and to evidence it to be such a one, it must work by love, breaking forth into practice, and bringing forth fruit worthy of repentance, and amendment of life. A Faith that's

opera-

operative in the whole man, and ſhews it ſelf in the life of the believer, that all men may judge of the Cauſe by the Effects.

Laſtly, the Final cauſe is the glory of God: that the glory of his mercy might as well be advanc't in reducing a remnant (or ſmall number) out of the maſs of mankinde (under wrath) to chant forth his Praiſes to all eternity, as well as to let his Juſtice manifeſt it ſelf in the condemnation of others, he contriv'd a way to ſave ſome (when all had otherwiſe been loſt:) This, this was it that was a motive to induce God to ſend a Saviour to the world to dye for it.

This is a true ſaying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the world to ſave ſinners.

And thus you have now ſeen the object of my diſcourſe (and of all our faiths) deſcribed; you have ſeen the act, what he did, that he came; the end he came for, that it was to ſave; the means by which he did ſave, that it was by ſuffering; thoſe ſufferings, that of death; what death, that of the Croſs: the ſignal victory he obtain'd by theſe his ſufferings

for mankinde (over the enemies of our ſalvation) and the benefits which accrue to mankinde by thoſe ſufferings.

But this is not all, for as ſure as he came once, he ſhall come again, but not in ſuch obſcurity, but with more reſplendency: at his firſt coming he was onely viſible to a part or corner of the world; at his ſecond, he ſhall be manifeſt to all, and every Eye ſhall ſee him. That Sun which then ſhin'd on the houſe of *Jacob*, ſhall now extend its rayes to all the families of the earth. He that then came as a Lamb, (the Lamb of God, to take away the ſins of the world) ſhall now come as a Lion (the Lion of the tribe of *Judah*) to judge the world. He that then came in the form of a Servant, ſhall now come in the equipage of a Prince, in the head of a Royal Army of Saints and Angels. As he then came to receive an unjuſt ſentence, he ſhall now come to give right to all nations, and to determine the controverſie of mankinde. And they that would not own him in the Manger, ſhall dread him in his Majeſty. They that deſpiſed him in the Clouts, ſhall be afraid to behold him in the Clouds.

Clouds. They that denied him at the Bar, shall be amazed to see him on the Bench. They that derided him on the Cross, shall tremble to see him on the Throne. They that would not participate of his Sufferings, shall never share in his Triumphs. And those that deny to follow him in Grace, shall never reach him in Glory.

Now, to perswade our selves that we are of the number of those for whom our Saviour shed his blood, let us witness our interest in his first coming, by our longing for his second: That as the old Character of Gods people was, to wait for the consolation of Israel, (Christs first coming) we may look and long for his second, as the espoused Maid doth after the Marriage, as the Apprentice for his Freedom, the Captive for his Ransom, the Traveller for his Inn, the Marriner for the Haven, we may look for and hasten the coming of that day of God. And to this end, that we mispend not any of our precious time, but redeem it to our utmost advantage; and not be weary of well doing, but persevering in our devoirs to-

wards him, till we shall be translated from these transient and short lived Troubles, to those transcendent, and unspeakable, and unchangeable Glories. That when the trump, and all mankinde stand to receive their doom, we may behold the Judges face with joy.

In a word, let me one more request you to be constant and immoveable, (not to extol him to day and blaspheme him to morrow) sing Hosanna's to day and Crucifige's the next. Though the fickle Rabble change, let us not alter; the Hosanna's that was then, let us cry now. Cry it at the Cross with the Penitent Thief, that we may sing it on the Throne with the glorified Apostles; and for the Hosanna of the Saints, sing the Hallelujahs of the Angels; when we shall receive with their gifts of Bliss, their tongues and songs of Glory. Amen.

Obser-

Obſervations on the vanity and inconſtancy of worldly Glory.

I Know that it hath ſtill bin the continual practice of the prince of darknes, to infatuate the minds of men with an over high eſtimation of the things of this life; and by putting out of their memories the thoughts of a better, (teaching them to prefer preſent pleaſures before future felicities) and ſo greedily have men in all ages ſuckt in this poiſon, and ſuffer'd themſelves to be drawn away by the falſe deluſions of this ſubtil deceiver, that he that ſhall now go about to inveigh againſt worldly Glory, ſhall be ſure to meet with more admiring and deriding ſpeculators, then credulous approbators: however, ſince I have undertaken it, I ſhall endea-

vour to unvail this grand Impoſtour, paint the World to the life, and her Favorites in their colours, ſhew the various infelicities that attend the ſeverall ages and degrees of men in it; and from theſe humane miſeries draw ſuch wholeſome concluſions, as may inſtruct my Reader how to be fitted for a better life; where change ſhall never impair our condition, nor want nip our joyes, nor adverſity cloud our happineſs, nor contention diſturb our peace, nor miſery eclipſe our glory, (a life as truly glorious and permanent, as this vain and fading.) In order to which I ſhall preſent the world to view. Firſt, whole and entire; then cut up and Anatomiz'd, taking the liberty in Method and Diſtribution, ſo to place my Diviſions, Subdiviſions, Notions, as may beſt ſerve for brevity, perſpicuity, my purpoſe, and the Readers benefit.

The World for its frailty and inconſtancy is by St. *John* compared to a ſea of glaſs, *Revel.* 4. 6. For its frailty glaſs, for its inconſtancy a ſea: A ſea ſwelling with pride, blown with envy, boyling with anger, deep with avarice, frothy

frothy with Luxury: It is a sea tempestuous with controversies, stormy with afflictions, tumultuous with disorders, fraught with vexation and misery, and all things in it sweeter in the ambition then fruition. The sea yields an obedient conformity to the motions of the Moon, and swells highest in a joyfull imitation when she is in the Spring-tyde of her light, either towards the heavens, (as in the change) or towards the earth, (as in the full;) and as she doth wax or wain, so doth he either flow into a Pleurisie, or ebb into a Consumption of his waters. And even thus is the World the Page of Fortune, whose unconstant and ever changing motions do hurry about, like spokes in a wheel, the condition of all Mortalls. We have it confirmed to us by a more then humane authority, (*1 Cor. 7. 31.*) *That the glory of this world passeth away.* An Hour-glasse doth change its posture every hour, and that part which was even now above, is now below; that which was but now full, is now empty; nor can one side be filled, but by emptying the other. Such is the world, every moment turn'd upside

side down, and men are now full, now empty: Nor can they often fill themselves without the ruine and prejudice of others; and although sometimes it be at the full of glory, yet is it even then like her also mingled with the spots of adversity, and subject to the change of every moment. And therefore (as 'tis reported) at the Consecration of the Popes, the Master of the Ceremonies going before carries in one hand a burning Taper, in the other a stick with some flax tied on the top thereof; which he setting on fire, cries with a loud voice, *Pater sancte, Sic transit gloria mundi*: Holy Father, so passeth away the glory of this world. The plenty of Histories in this kinde exceeds our Arithmetick. Every particular mans condition (almost) being a volumn of the worlds frailty, and a constant witness of its inconstancy. *Adonibezek*, who had been the Triumphant Victor over 70. Kings, and in his wanton cruelty had cut off their thumbs, &c. and made them pick up the crumbs under his table, (enforcing the Act, and depriving them of the power, making them do that which he

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had disenabled them to perform) was ere long in full measure paid home for his cruel frolicks, which made him cry out, that he was justly requited, *Judges* 1. 7. *Nabucadnezzar's* unparallel'd Metamorphosis (who knoweth not) who from a man (and so great a King) became a beast in nature now, as he was in practice before: (to shew that when men sin against the light of nature, they may suffer against the law of nature.)

It is reported of *Dimetrius*, (one of *Alexander* the Great's Captains) that in the whole circle of his life (being sixty four years, after the measure of his age had stil'd him a man) never continued three years in one condition. Of *Julius Cæsar* also (that great awer of the world and victorious Martialist) it is doubted whether in the whole course of his life, fortune were an indifferent Arbitrer to him of good and evil success; but in the sadness of his death (no doubt) all his lifes happiness was exceedingly over-balanced, who in the Zenith and highest erection of his glory, with twenty three wounds, the deepest whereof given him by his dearest *Brutus*, in the

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Senate House, yielded up his life a sacrifice to the peoples liberty. The like unhappy change pursued the ever renowned (and once highly advanc't General) *Belliſarius*, who after he had triumphed over the Persians, and reduced to the Roman obedience all *Africa* and *Italy*, (so long possest by the Gothis and Vandalls) his wife (that was given him for an help, became the onely help to his destruction) whose insolent behaviour against the Empresse, (like windes thrown upon the seas) rais'd such billows of indignation in the Emperour, that this man fortune was put to utter shipwrack, not onely to the loss of his goods, but of the means by which he might get more, (his sight) and forc't to beg his bread with a *Da Obolo Belliſario*. Thus he that had made Armies fly, Kingdoms quake, and Kings his Captives, is now an humble Petitioner to the meanest for a bit of bread. 'Tis storied of *Dyoniſius* King of *Syracuſa*, that he represented the brittle felicity of his Kingdom to his Parasite *Damocles*, (who had made his happiness to seem exceeding great, through the multiply-

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ing-glass of his flattery) by seating him in a Royal Throne at a sumptuous banquet with all the state and glory of the Kingdom about him; but with a naked sword hanging over his head onely held by a horse-hair, which every minute threatned his destruction. It was the custom of the ancient Romans in their triumphs for a slave to ride behinde in the Chariot with the Triumpher, who did often whisper unto him to look behinde him, (there being likewise a Whip and a Bell tied to the Chariot) to admonish him, that notwithstanding the present exaltation his honour, he might be brought to such a degree of calamity, as to be scourged or put to death, of which the Bell was the sign.

How hath the world frowned on those she sometimes smil'd, and made them that seem'd the happiest most miserable. Instance *Pompey*, that famous Warrior, (for his eminency stil'd the Great) who after all his victories and triumphs put to a violent death; and that head taken off by the hands of a Traytour that had so oft been adorn'd with victorious Laurels; and being dead denied

denied a burying place. Queen *Cleopatra* once so formidible, as to be rather fear'd then contemn'd by her neighbour Princes, she drank Jewels desolv'd (a draught worth a Kingdom) expir'd on a dunghill. *Guillemer* King of the Goths, who long reigned in so much prosperity, but taken Prisoner by *Belizarius*, was reduc't to so much misery, that he onely beg'd these things of the Conquerour, Bread and Water, (the one to keep him from famishing, the other from thirst) a spunge to wipe his eyes, and a harp to tune his sorrows to. *Andronicus* Emperour of the East, (a man of such large and vast Dominions, that his very name was terrible to all Neighbour-Kings) all his glory is eclipst in one Battel, and he delivered into the hands of those who think themselves happy in inventing and inflicting new tortures; he is thrown into the common Goal, where the best sents are the excrements of nature; taken thence, and derided and abus'd through the streets of the City, put to open disgrace in the Market-place: and to the further grief of so great a spirit, the muddy brain'd Rabble

Rabble, are both his Judges and Executioners. *Alexander* the Great (who was said to conquer the World) could not guard his own person from a violent and untimely death. He that had vanquisht a world, was himself overcome by an inferiour person in it, poysoned to death, and his corpse for thirty dayes denied a burying place; his Conquests above ground gave him no title to a possession under ground. So our *William* the Conquerour lay three dayes unburied, (he that had vanquisht Kingdoms living, is denied six foot of ground being dead.) *Coriolanus* (that famous Grecian) who was once admir'd and fear'd of all, murthered openly in the Market-place at *Antium*, and none to pitty him, or take his part. *Philopoemen* forc't to expire by a cup of poison from the hands of a Hangman. So *Lucullus Dions* throat cut with a dagger by an Executioner. So *Sertorius Phocian* reduc't to so much misery in prison that he feed the Hangman to dispatch him. *Cicero* (that famous man) murthered and decapited, his head and hands set up ore the Pulpit in *Rostra* (where they made Orations)

Orations.) *Darius* condemn'd to die as a Malefactour, his throat cut in prison by the common Hang-man. 'Tis lamentable to recite what the Prophet *Jeremy* so mournfully delivers in those his Lamentations, Chap. 4. 5. *They that did feed delicately are desolate in the streets, and they that were brought up in scarlet embrace dunghills.* We need seek no further proof of this sad truth, then the age we live in: have we not seen many princely and noble Families that not long ago were in so happy a condition, as to afford much hospitality to others, now reduc't to that misery, as to live onely upon the courtesie of others, and forc't to poste from place to place for relief and safety; To shew that the best of men are but Pilgrims upon earth, and no permanency in the things of this life.

Worldly Glories (I conceive may be reduc't to these three heads) viz. Honours, Riches, Pleasures: I shall crave leave of my Readers to dilate upon each of these, and in the close present you with the insufficiency and inconstancy of Worldly Glory. First, Honours.

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Suppose a man were at the height of honours, his Throne as high as *Babels* Tower, and all the Potentates of the earth prostrate themselves at his foot-stool, and all persons of all ranks, qualities, degrees, and conditions admire and adore him, had he ten thousand times as many titles, as that cracking Spaniard attributed to his Master, and his territories as vast as the universe; yet all these would be so far from giving true felicity, that it would but load him with cares and miseries. Crowns are but splendid vanities, and vexation and mutation the ordinary attendants of Diadems. Crowns are full of cares, and high places not without their fears, which made one King cry out, (concerning his Diadem) Were it but known how many miseries and molestations do attend thee, none would dare to take thee up lying at his feet. *Antonius* the Philosopher said often, that the Empire was an ocean of mischiefs; and one caus'd it to be written upon his Tomb, Happy had I been if I had never reigned. They are much mistaken, who thinks to meet with happiness in greatness. Ambition is ever attended

tended with three Furies. Envy in the eye, Jealousie in the ear, and Covetousnes in the heart. Envy in the eye: It grieves him more to see one above him, then ten thousand below him. *Haman* was more distracted with *Mordecai* the Jew's sitting in the Kings gate with a careless neglect, then he was delighted with all the reverence and adoration which others gave him.

Secondly, Jealousie in the ear, alwayes fearful of Competetours; he thinks himself never secure; every thing he hears makes him suspicious of some approaching danger; and if any but whisper in his presence, he is unsatisfied till he understands it.

Thirhly, Covetousnes in the heart. If (against his will) he empty some of his bags in the progres of his ambition, he will not be himsef, till he hath refill'd them by extorted oppression; and when he possesses most, is least satisfied when he has considered with how much toyl & trouble he purchast it; with how much care & fear he preserves it, & knows not how suddenly must part from it; either it may be taken from him by violence, or he from

from it by treachery; and ſo his enemies become Lords and Maſters of his greatneſs, and eat the fruit of his labours. Who would be in love with that which hath ſuch Furies for its Attendants?

'Tis ſeldom ſeen, that the greateſt darlings of the world enjoy perfect contentment, (be they never ſo well deſerving) ſomething they ſhall have to complain of that ſhall give an unſavory verdure to their ſweeteſt morſells, and make their very felicity miſerable. Multitude of buſineſs baniſh ſleep from the eye-lids of Kings, and make the night troubleſome; and fear many times keeps them waking, (though in a Palace) leſt ſome *Achitophel* ſhould be projecting to turn his ſilent ſlumbers into a ſleep of death, whileſt the ruſtick Swain ſnores ſecurely in his loomy Cottage. *Bajazet* Emperour of the Turks thought a ſhepheard (whom he heard whiſtling on a hill) to be a happier man then himſelf; and (if I miſtake not) the event gives me ſufficient cauſe to be of his opinion, for he was ſhortly after taken Priſoner by *Tamerlain* the Scythian, who loads him with golden fetters, and enclo-

closes him in an iron cage, and carried up and down in triumph with the Conquerour, and in that strait prison expires by being his own Executioner. High places are not onely uneasie, but slippery; (inconstancy as well as vexation attends the Thrones of Princes) a great man stands very unsure, he had need to wear ice spurs, for he doth rather glide then go. If he begins to fall, he will fall to purpose: (as *Zeresh* unlucky told *Haman*) If his feet begin to slip on the steep hill of honour, his own weight will down with him to the bottom: once past noon with him, it is presently night: there is but a step (said that mirrour of men) 'twixt the prisons and graves of Princes.

The Airy Chair, though it be conspicuous, is (you see) full of dangers. He stands surest that hath no ascent to fall from, the highest riser hath ever the lowest fall: few of the magnifices of this world ever left it with rejoycing, or parted in peace, but hurried with violence to untimely graves. What did *Abimelech*, *Absolom*, *Zimri*, *Jezabel*, and *Athalia* get by their greatnesse, but miserable and infa-

infamous deaths. Those who have thought to have justled the stars out of their places, and made their nests as high or higher, have had their glory laid in the dust, and their honour in disgrace; and those who all men (in their lives) have judg'd the happiest, have, ere they parted with the world, lamentably declar'd the contrary. Earthly glories are (at best) but transient. The greatest Favorite that ever the world had could never assure himself of one minute of happinesse, (but ever obnoxious to those lamentable hazards and mutations incident to greatnesse.) How many are there that laught yesterday, that have cause enough to weep to day. He on whom prosperity yesterday did smile, doth to day adversity frown. He that yesterday was reputed the happiest man in this world, is to day sent miserable to another. That which hath a Diadem for its aim, oftentimes meets with an ignominious death for its end. He who in the morning hath been an object of envy, hath ere night been of misery and contempt. He whom the morning sun hath beheld in the height of honour,

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(Cappape) shining in all his glory, had the evening sun beheld cast down with the greatest ignominy. The same sun that beheld *Haman* ador'd like some Deity *(in the Persian Court)* and like some infamous Malefactour waving upon his Gibbet. Honour 'tis built upon smoak, how can it keep from vanishing.

2. Riches: Suppose a man had all the Gold of *Ophir* at his own command, and were Master of the Indian Shores, and had all the richest Gems that the world affords in his own possession; if all the world were his own and all persons of all ranks and degrees were his slaves to enlarge his Exchequer were all heads and hands working to improve his wealth; yet all would be so far from giving him true felicity, that it would rather distract then content him. This transitory trash could neither administer comfort, or prevent misery; as there is no true happiness in them, so no constancy in enjoying them: for they are subject to vanity and violence; and they would be so far from protecting him from danger, that they would make

him

him a mark for envy to ſhoot at, he ſhould to his ſorrow finde that there would be men found that would not ſtartle at his deſtruction, ſo they might by it attain their deſires, deceive, betray, ſwear, and forſwear for ſuch a purchaſe. Riches indeed were never true to thoſe that truſted them; *They take themſelves wings, and flye away*, when there's moſt occaſion to uſe them. He that to day with *Caligula* could tumble in gold and ſilver, may to morrow with *Bellizarius* ſtand and beg for an half-penny.

3. Pleaſures: Suppoſe the Elements did conſpire to pleaſe the minde of man with their choiceſt delicacies; ſuppoſe the eye were pleas'd with the lovelieſt and moſt deſired objects, the hearing with the ſweeteſt and rareſt harmony that either art or nature could poſſibly produce. The taſting with the deareſt and choiceſt cates that the world affords, and the quinteſſence of all the creatures artificially diſtill'd into an invaluable *Compendium*, a bit more worth then an Empire, and a draught then a Kingdom. The ſmelling with the moſt odoriferous ſcents that either *India* or

Arabia (art and nature) could produce. The feeling tickled with the greatest delights that that sense were capable of, all would be too short to entitle the enjoyer happy, one thing or other will be still wanting, (the absence of which which will still discontent him) one drop of gall will distaste a whole vessel of sweets.) Put the case all things were procur'd that can be desir'd to satisfie the expectation, there would soon be a glut, (plenty would breed satiety.) It may be said after enjoyment, as it was of *Amnon*, (who was so extreamly desirous of enjoying his sister *Tamar*) when he had his desire, his loathing now, as great as his longing before: So here, but this is not all, as they are unsatisfying and insufficient, so not constant; prosperity and adversity may shew themselves in one moment. *Belshazars* frolicks were both suddenly and sadly chang'd into terrour and trembling, by the strange appearance and motion of a hand that predicted his last. *Jezabel* (that painted Strumpet, who studied nothing but to please her self, her will was her law, and her desires accomplisht, though never so

ſo bloody) how ſuddenly was ſhe thrown forth of her window at the command of an enemy, and trod under Horſes heels, and allow'd no other grave then the hungry maws of ravenous curs; yet a Kings Daughter. We may ſay of all Earthly Pleaſures what *Amaſa* ſaid of War, that bitterneſſe is the common appendix in the latter end; they ever carry a ſting in the tail, like *Joab* to *Amaſa*, whileſt it kiſſeth us, it killeth us. The world that is ſo ready with her ſervice, is as forward with her deceits: She that but now ſmil'd like a ſtrumpet, frowns like a Tyrant. Worldly Pleaſures are like gilded Pills, which under their external beauty include bitterneſs; or like unto freſh Rivers, that end their courſe in the ſea, loſing their ſweet reliſh in an Ocean of ſaltneſs, as will be ſadly manifeſted by this following example. *Sejanus* had as much of the worlds felicity as could be wiſht or deſir'd, (if the deſire could be ſatisfied with having) for honours he had them heapt upon him daily; for titles, he is more then Emperour; for his will gives laws to his; his ſtatues are erected

in publick passages, reverenc't in Theaters, and carried in the front of the Legions; all persons do him homage, all tongues sing his praises, and all knees bow to him: Never any man before him recived greater honours, more universal, more unexpected, all the favours and dignities which all the Kings of *Europe* could heap together to raise a man, might not be compared to these; he made all men know (far and near) what he was able to do: he sixteen years possest the Sovereign Power of an Empire that commanded the whole world, and which had the rising and setting Sun for limit. *Euphrates* confin'd its Frontier towards the East, Mount *Atlas* the Cataracts of *Nylus*, the Deserts of *Africa* towards the South, the Ocean in the West, *Danubius* in the North; so that as far as the sun progressed, his commands went. What Glory ever mounted so high, or fell so low, (as the conclusion will acquaint you.)

For Riches he had seventy two milions of gold (at one time) at his command, & more was at his service, if he commanded it. For Pleasures, Nature did prostrate

ſtrate her ſelf to ſerve him, and turn'd all things upſide down to delight him. All his enterprizes were crown'd with ſucceſſe; he ſaw his deſire upon his enemies, and was preſented with the heads of thoſe that hated him. He had his ſetting dogs (as *Seneca* term'd them) that were fitted to ſerve him in all employments, which were onely tractable and tame to himſelf, and barkt at all others, and were maintained with the blood of his enemies. In this height, adverſity like a ſudden guſt overturns his fortunes, and thoſe, who but now attended him to the Senate-Houſe, conduct him to a Priſon: Thoſe who but now bow'd their knees to adore him, now deridingly ſhake their heads at him, (making a jeaſt of him now whom they fear'd in earneſt before) whileſt he is dragg'd from the Temple to the Goal, from the higheſt honour to the loweſt ſhame. There was ſo little ſpace 'twixt his glory and his fall, that he was ſoon ſtruck as threatned; 'twas his miſery not to be fore-arm'd for ſuch calamities, nor wiſe till his fall made him ſo. ('Tis a madneſſe for a man that might deſcend

the ſtairs of greatneſſe with eaſe, to ſtay ſo long as to be thrown down with violence.) He that in the morning was admir'd by the greateſt, is ere night dragg'd along the ſtreets by the baſeſt Roman; and not preſently executed, but with circumſtances of cruelty, all ſorts of outrages were done to his miſerable body: ſome through inhumanity, others for revenge, many for example, and all to the end it might not be thought they had either lov'd or known him; his miſerable carkaſſe cut in fourteen pieces, (as many as the City had Wards) and dragged three dayes together about the City; his eldeſt daughter defloured near the Gallows by the Hangman, and then ſtrangled, (with her brother and ſiſter) and their bodies faſtened to the Gemonian ſtairs; all were put to death that were related to him, or intimate with him; nor any ſuffered to bewail him: Tears were accounted criminal, none durſt ſigh or grieve for him, ſo much had fear diſſolv'd commerce 'twixt nature and compaſſion.

But what ſpeak I of *Sejanus*, one greater then he, (and one that knew more

more then any man either before or after him, (Ile except none but the firſt and ſecond *Adam*) who for honours had more heapt upon him, then any Monarch in the world, being admir'd for his wiſdom, fear'd for his greatneſſe, and envied for his happineſſe, beloved of all his Neighbour Kings, who contended in courteſie who ſhould do him moſt ſervice. For Riches, none had more; the Gold of Ophir was as plentifull as the ſtones in the ſtreet, and the richeſt Gems that the world afforded ſent him from forreign coaſts. For Pleaſures, none ere had more, (or ſince ſo much) or wiſdom to improve them: he reigned forty years, (a ſufficient time to content his minde) in ſumptuous buildings, (the moſt glorious that ever the world beheld) in multitude of Horſes, in all variety of Studies and Sciences, and had traverſed his ſpirits through all the ſecre s of nature, even from the Cedar to the Hyſop, all ſorts of creatures (from the woman to the meaneſt) did contribute to his delight; yet after all this he concludes, that theſe ſweets were confected with bitterneſs, and all vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

To conclude, I hope it will not be thought either impertinent or improper to this subject, to present my Reader with a brief survey of the various infelicities that attend the several degrees, conditions, and ages of men, and with an applicatory conclusion to finish my Discourse. We will begin with the highest, (for 'tis easier to fall then rise) and conclude with the meanest: We have already sufficiently discourst of the miseries of greatnesse, and therefore we shall be now concise, onely acquaint my Readers, that great men are so far from being made happy by their greatnesse, that they are thereby made capable of the greatest distractions and affrightments. I have read of some that durst not go to bed till one had had lain down there before them; and of others, that durst not take their repose, till their chambers have been searcht, lest some conspiratour should be there lurking for an opportunity to put a sad exit to their mundane infelicities: Of others that durst not use a Barber, lest in shaving their heads or beards they should cut their throats. Nor is there now a Poten-

tentate in Chriſtendom that dares taſte a bit without a taſter. Nor is this their vigilancy to be diſcommended, for we know that their greatneſs makes them liable to many dangers, which renders the greateſt dignities miſerable. Deſcend we to the Noble man: Suppoſe him in the height of honor, (a favorite to the greateſt Prince) yet even there is he far from happineſſe; for he is ever fearful of falling, either to be cruſht from above by his ſuperiours anger, or to be undermin'd from beneath by his inferiors envy: can he be happy whom a Princes breath can in a moment diveſt him both of his greatneſſe and his life? Come we now to the Gentleman, whoſe education may make him capable of ſerving the Commonwealth in thoſe ſeverall profeſſions into which providence may caſt him: Suppoſe him call'd to the Bar, what happineſſe to be found in that life which is perpetually diſturb'd with diſcord, hears nothing but the invective clamours of inveterate oppoſites; and his beſt muſick the jarring harmony of diſagreeing perſons. If to the Pulpit, that's the ſaddeſt life of all, (if ſeriouſly

considered) into which being no sooner cast, he findes himself in a Labyrinth of cares, (having so many souls under his charge, the thoughts of which doth perpetually afflict him) he must labour in season and out of season, (and it may be for an ingrateful people that will little respect him for his pains.) Do I call it a labour? surely it may well be term'd so, (for there is no work like that of the brain.) It is a life so full of care, trouble and vexation, that the pen of a *Jeremy* or a *Paul* are fittest to describe it. I confesse there are many in this age who have made that calling easier then ever God intended it (both in respect of the admission to it and discharge of it) these break not their brains with studying, nor shall St. *Pauls* accusation be fastened on them, that much learning should make them mad; if they are mad, 'tis for want of it, witnesse their Sermons (if they may be term'd so) which are as dull and as cold as their charity; and no wonder, for they endeavour not to be good Preachers, but cunning Purchasers; not to be good Pastours to feed the flock, but wolves in sheeps cloathing to

feed

f.ed upon them; and minde fat Benefices more then lean ſouls; who inſtead of being examples of piety, are preſidents of (long-liv'd) malice, covetouſneſſe, and cruelty; and ſome ſo ridiculous both in their words and geſtures, as to render the Goſpel contemptible, and themſelves odious. But let them take their courſe, (as they will without my leave) and feed themſelves (like Porkets) with the fat things of the earth, they ſhall notwithſtanding (at one time or other) finde both vanity and vexation in this their ſuppos'd felicity, enough to render the greateſt happineſſe upon earth truly miſerable. Come we to the Merchant, (who is the fitteſt Embleme of the worlds vanity and inconſtancy) continual cares do perpetually diſtract him, which hinder his content by day, and repoſe by night; all that he has (and it may be more then his own) lies at the mercy of the ſurging Billows, and the boiſterous waves, which in an inſtant can make him that was worth thouſands not maſter of a penny. Come to the Shop-keeper, whoſe head is ever full of cares, how to ſteer

his

his course, and manage his busineſſe with discretion to the best improvement and advancement of his stock, and how to finde out the various dispositions of men, and to suit them accordingly (and so to demean himself towards all as to gain the love of all) and oftentimes troubled at the slow motion of backward Customers, whose promises are commonly more dexterous then their purses: (not a few have been ruin'd by it.) Come to the Mechanick that has no living, but what he fetches from his fingers ends; how must he work both with head and hands to maintain himself and those about him? (who it may be will ill reward him for his pains.) Come we now to the Countrey, (which some think so pleasant) it is very toilsom. The Countrey-man is the most sensible of all others of that doom of *Adam*, that with the sweat of his brows he should eat his bread.

If we consider him as a landed man, then he is loaden with cares, ever fearful of bad servants and back doors, and it may be of one near to him, who also may contribute to his ruine. If a Far-

mer,

mer, he moyls like a ſlave in a Galley, or a Horſe in a Mill, to bring both ends together to preſerve his ſtock, and prepare himſelf for an encounter with his Landlord; and all too little, if many years of plenty come together, except ſome dear years interpoſe to requite him.

If a Cottager, one that hath nothing but what he miſerably earns, who by his extraordinory labour gets him a ſtomach ere he has meat to ſuffice to it, whileſt his childrens note is like the Horſe-leech in the Proverbs, crying for meat, and (it may be) none to give it them. We have but one ſtep lower to deſcend, and that is to the Beggar: I know it will be here objected, that I have not done well in putting the Beggar here to take a ſhare of the infelicities of the world, for he lives the happieſt life of all, he fetches his Pedigree from *Cain* the eldeſt ſon of *Adam*, (a man of a vaſte eſtate) and hence hath the world for his inheritance, and is paid tribute from all ſorts and conditions of men in it; all heads and hands are buſied to cloath and feed him, whileſt his onely task is to walk from place to receive

ceive it; his merry heart is neither distracted with cares, nor amazed with fears; he is as far from danger as free from labour: none will conspire against his life, to deprive him of his place. A penniless Traveller can sing before a Thief, and a moneyless Beggar can walk securely, where a full fraught Passenger dares not shew himself. (Beggars you must note carry not much treasure about them, the rich man is their Sumpter-Horse to carry it for them) I answer, 'Tis confest that the Beggar is freest from care, but not furthest from misery. 'Tis true we seldom read of any plots that have been laid against the Beggars life. This one happiness indeed he has, but he hath so many miseries to overbalance it, (that had he not some sunshine as well as so many storms, he were not able to live, grief would dispatch him, and put a sad period to his miserable dayes) he hath a large walk, and is seldom out of his way. But by the way I must tell you, that he lives a dogs life, hunger and ease; as for hunger he is acquainted with that at most times, but for ease he hath that but sometimes; the heat.

heat annoyes him, the cold doth pinch him, his belly wants ſupplies within, his back wants defence without, both from the Summers ſun, and the Winters ſtorms; he walks regardleſly by day, and is lodg'd as careleſly by night; and though he be no fit object for ambition to work upon, yet is he oft in danger to be ſurprized either for the Stocks or Whipping-poſte, notwithſtanding his ten thouſand about him that never forſake him. The Premiſes conſidered, we may conclude that all things are full of toyl and trouble, moleſtation and miſery meet us at every turn, (whether we be high or low, rich or poor.) There is a ſingular vanity in this ſplendid miſery; one well compareth it to a beautiful Picture drawn with white and red colors on ſackcloth, which afar off is very lovely, but near by 'tis like the filthy matter of a ſore or wound. No man ever yet found any conſtant contentation in any ſtate, yet may his outward appearance deceive another, and anothers him. If we but ſeriouſly conſider the various vexations that attend the ſeveral ranks of men, we ſhall finde that abundance

is a trouble, and want a misery, honour a burthen, and baseness a scorn, advancements dangerous, and disgrace odious: (he that climbs is in danger of falling, and he that prostrates himself to be trod upon.) But leaving that, we come to discourse of the several Ages, and draw to a conclusion.

Not to speak of his being nine months a close Prisoner in the womb, we will come to his birth. When he comes into the world, how sadly he salutes it weeping, (declaring his dislike by tears, because he wants words to expresse it) either as a Prophet to foretell his miseries, or as a Penitent to bewail them. We will passe his Infancy, (which all will acknowledge to be a life of vanity) and come to his Adolency, where he is kept under the tyranny of parents and masters, and terrified with those terrible engins of correction, the rod and cudgell: (an estate, saith one, not worth the description.) Come we now to his Manhood, where the cares of the world (like a Troop) beset him. Does he live single, that's uncomfortable? Is he married, that's troublesome. I have

read

read of one *Diponares* (who having taſted the martyrdom of marriage) (as a French Authour terms it) ſaid, that there were but two good dayes which a married man was capable of; the one his wedding day, on which much good chear was provided, and the Bride freſh and fair, (for of all pleaſures the beginning is moſt delectable.) The other when the woman died, the man being then free from bondage. But I believe *Diponares* was in a more then ordinary meaſure incenſt (by the croſneſſe of his own in particular) to inveigh againſt all in general; (but ſuch large concluſions are neither warrantable or commendable) and therefore let my Readers know I am not of his opinion. Come we now to the old man, (who is as weary of the world, as the world of him) his brain troubled, his face wither'd, his body crook'd, his ſight dim'd, his hairs faln, his teeth rotten, his comfort and content is gone, (all his happy dayes are flown over) the day is troubleſome, and the night tedious. In this condition he is ſo far from being happy, that he is perfectly miſerable, a burthen to himſelf

ſelf and all about him, all his paſt felicities are ſo far from contributing to his preſent felicity, that the very thoughts of them does diſtract him, when he conſiders that he had a prime: but that was paſt, and that thoſe pleaſures which were then green are now withered. If a rich man, then his children are apt to blame the ſlowneſſe of his motion to another world, (for they have been long weary of him in this.) If a poor man, then he is troubleſome to one and to another, his children (if he have any) ſhift him from one to another, every one thinks he doth too much for him, grudging him every bit he eats as rob'd from them and theirs; and if ever they beg any thing at Gods hands, 'tis to take him away. Come we now to his concluſion, when he is ready to take his leave of the world, his feet become cold, his face pale, his eyes hollow, his tongue waxeth black, his teeth cloſe, and his breath fails, he hath no ſenſe left him, but that of miſery, his children and relation about him gaping for his long deſired laſt gaſp, that ſo they may frollick with that wealth which was long kept

kept from them by one that was incapable of enjoying it; he leaves the world with groans, as he ſaluted it at firſt with tears, (and now what is become of his glory) he is brought to the grave, where all mankinde are promiſcuouſly blended together without diſtinction or order. Here are no Heralds to blazon Coats of Arms, but worms to diſfigure thoſe perſons that did bear them. He that was long ſince clad in ſilk, and ſhin'd with Diamonds, is aſſaulted with troops of vermin: And he that had all the odoriferous perfumes of *Arabia Felix*, breaths forth as noyſome and intollerable ſcents as the loathſomeſt creature upon earth. All earthly greatneſſe returns here to its firſt *Chaos*, and the ſtatelieſt monuments that the world could brag of mouldred into aſhes; *Gehazi's* ſcull cannot here be diſcern'd from *Abſalons*, and *Irus* his aſhes are as tranſparent as *Alexanders*: according to that of the Poet.

For here's the Conqueror with the Captive
ſpread
On one bare Earth, as on the common
Bed.

The

The all commanding General hath no ſpan
Of ground alow'd, more then the private man
Folly with wiſdom hath an equal ſhare,
The foul and fair to like duſt changed are.
This is of all Mortality the end,
Perſites *now with* Nereus *dare contend:*
And with Achilles *he hath equal place,*
That living durſt not look him in the face.
The Servant with the Maſter, & the Maid
Stretcht by her Miſtris, both their Heads are laid
Upon an equal Pillow; Subjects keep
Court with Kings equals, and as ſoft they ſleep.
Lodging their heads upon a turf of graſs,
As they on Marble, or on figur'd Braſs.

And thus have I (according to my ſlender abilities preſented my Readers with a ſerious and ſad Portraiture of the Miſery and Mutability of Worldly Glory, which I have illuſtrated by the varſous diſpenſations of providence to her greateſt Favorites, by a through examination of the ſeverall ranks and degrees of men, from the Monarch to the Beggar, and of the ſeveral Ages, from the Young Mans *Geneſis* to the Old Mans *Exodus*. What now remains,

mains, but that I onely leave my Readers ſome ſhort advices, (in order to his making a right uſe of the foregoing Diſcourſe) in number four, which I ſhall diſpatch in words almoſt as few. The firſt to contemn the world. The ſecond, to be content with our condition. The third, to uſe moderation in the things of this world. And the laſt, that we wiſely improve them to be happy in a better.

Firſt to contemn the World: Alas there is nothing in it worth the deſiring, all the glory, beauty, and pleaſures of this world are as truly ſhort as they are ſeeming ſweet; and though they may to ſome ſeem ſweet in the enjoying, they are certainly (to all) bitter in the concluſion. I have read of a Duke of *Venice*, who dying, commanded this to be written upon his Tomb, Know (moſt noble Venetians) that by mine example, 'tis the moſt Chriſtian thing in the world to trample this world under your feet. *Plutarch* tells us of a wiſe Heathen, who ſpeaking of the delights and paſtimes of thoſe times, ſaid, I am much taken that I am not more taken with

theſe

theſe pleaſures: And ſhall that which could not pleaſe an Heathen ſatisfie a Chriſtian? We are not Heathens but Chriſtians, (whoſe expectations reach further then ever Heathens did) and ſhall we loſe time in looking after fading toyes, that ſhould be curiouſly inquiſitive after unfading joyes, and for tranſitory traſh loſe a Crown of glory.

2. That we content our ſelves with that condition into which Providence hath placed us, and endeavour with faithfulneſs to diſcharge thoſe places into which God hath call'd us, and not to ſquint upon other mens profeſſions, to invert that order which God himſelf hath made. Let not the Shoemaker go beyond his laſt, let the Cobler attend his boot, the Waterman his boat, the Fiſherman his bait, and the Schollar his books, a hammer is for the Smith, a *Homer* for the School: God never intended, that bungling Mechanicks ſhould botch at his Altar, or thoſe that ſerve at his Altar ſhould minde any thing elſe. The gift of contentation is ſuch a bleſſing as God affords to none but to his choſen, 'tis that which renders the meaneſt condition amiable

3. To

3. To uſe a Moderation in the things of this world, we are not to glut our ſelves with the pleaſures of this world, but to be raviſht with the contemplations of a better; not like the Epicure, to place our felicity in our throat, by making our ſenſes (which God intended as Handmaids to our Reaſon) ſole Miſtreſs of our Religion; we may make uſe of the pleaſures of this world, but not abuſe them; they are to be us'd as Phyſick, not as food; a little may delight us, much will deſtroy us; we are to uſe a mean and moderation in theſe worldly things, and to uſe this world as though we us'd it not.

Laſtly, that we make a right uſe and wiſe improvement of the things of this world in order to our happineſs in a better; and to this end that we make uſe of thoſe opportunities God hath put in our hands, and of thoſe eſtates wherewith he hath entruſted us, to his glory, and the good of his poor members, that our gold and our ſilver may ſpeak for us, not againſt us at the laſt day; and by ſo judicious a diſtribution of our eſtates, we ſhall gain ſuch friends by this Mammon

mon of unrighteouſneſs, (when time ſhall be no more. and the world with all its glory on a flame) we ſhall be re-receíved into thoſe eternal (never periſhing) habitations in the new *Jeruſalem*; to the innumerable company of Angels, and the ſpirit of juſt men made perfect; where with thoſe elders we ſhall vail our crowns at his feet, who is worthy of Honour and Dominion, and ſing perpetual Anthems to the Sacred Trinity to all eternity.

The

Conſiderations on the Saint

and Sinner, as to their diſagreeing conditions and diſpoſitions here, their various entertainments of Death, and different rewards after Death; reflecting on the Temporizing Profeſſour; illuſtrated and interlaced with Hiſtorical Examples of dying men.

I Am not ignorant, that there are many (and they ſuch as follow the moſt, and ſide with the ſtrongeſt) who judge of cauſes and men by their ſucceſs and outward proſperity, but how far they are miſtaken who judge of mens future eſtates in another world by their conditions in this, will be eaſily manifeſted; for theſe are things which we are not to pry into, or undertake to determine here, but left to the righteous Judge of all the world to decide hereafter. If proſperity and adverſity were

the infallible ſigns of a happy or miſerable man, who ſo happy as the Sinner, who ſo miſerable as the Saint? Do not we often ſee the guilty here go free, and the innocent bear the puniſhment, vertue in fetters, and vice at liberty ranting it in pomp, the ſentence pardons Ravens, and layes hold on Doves; the poor innocent afflicted, whileſt the wicked holds up his head gloriouſly. If outward appearance therefore ſhould be the judge, woe were the portion of the Saints, happineſs the Sinners: For (as a late reverend Father of the Church of *England* obſerves) if we ſhould judge according to appearance, we ſhould think baſely of the Saviour of the world himſelf. Who that ſhould ſee him ſprawling in the Cratch, flying into *Egypt*, chopping of chips at *Nazareth*, famiſhed in the Deſert, tempted of Satan, attended by Fiſhermen, perſecuted by his kindred, betrayed by one ſervant, abjur'd by another, forſaken of all, apprehended, arraigned, condemned, buffetted, ſpit upon, ſcourged to blood, ſceptei'd with a reed, crown'd with thorns, nail'd to the Croſs, hanging naked

ked between two Theeves, ſcorn'd of beholders, ſeal'd up in a borrowed grave? Who that ſhould have ſeen his skin all dew'd with pearls of bloody ſweat, his back bleeding, his face blubber'd and beſmear'd, his forehead harrowed, his hands and his feet pierc't, his ſide guſhing out, his head bowed down in death, and ſhould have heard with all his dying lips ſay, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me*, would not have ſaid he is deſpis'd and rejected of men, yea, in appearance of God himſelf? Yet even in this while to the cutting off the ſinnews of thoſe ſtiff-necked Jews, the Angels owned him for their Lord, the Sages ador'd him, the Star deſign'd him, the Prophets foreſhaw'd him, the Devils confeſt him, his miracles evinc't him, the earth ſhook, the rocks rent, the dead lookt out, the ſun lookt in, anſwered at the ſuffering of the God of nature? Even while he was deſpis'd of men, he commanded the Devils to their chains; whileſt baſe men ſhoot out their tongues at him, principalities and powers bowed their knees to him; whileſt he he hang'd deſpicably on the tree of

ſhame, the powers of hell were drag'd captive after the triumphant chariot of his Croſs; the appearance was not ſo contemptible as the truth of his eſtate glorious, judge not therefore according to appearance: ſhould appearance be the rule, woe were Gods people, happy were his enemies. Who that had ſeen *Cain* ſtanding imperiouſly over the bleeding carkaſs of *Abel*, *Joſeph* in his bonds, his Miſtreſs in her dreſs, *Moſes* in the flags, *Pharaoh* in the Palace, *David* ſculking in the wilderneſs, *Saul* commanding in the Court, *Elijah* fainting under a Juniper-tree, *Jezabel* painting in her cloſet, *Micaiah* in the priſon, *Zedkijah* in the preſence, *Jeremiah* in the dungeon, *Zedekiah* in the throne, *Daniel* trembling among the lions, the Median Princes feaſting in their bowers, *Johns* head bleeding in a charger, *Herod* ſmiling at the revels, Chriſt at the Bar, *Pilate* on the Bench, the Diſciples ſcourged, the Scribes and Elders inſulting, would not have ſaid, O happy *Cain*, *Potephars* Wife, *Pharaoh*, *Saul*, *Jezabel*, *Zedkijah*, *Zedekiah*, Median Princes, *Pilate*, *Herod*, Elders; miſerable *Abel*, *Joſeph*, *Moſes*, *David*,

David, Elijah, Micaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, John Baptiſt, Chriſt, the Diſciples? Yet we know *Cains* victory was as woful as *Abels* Martyrdome; glorious *Joſephs* irons were more pretious then the golden tyres of his Miſtreſs; *Moſes* reeds were more ſure then *Pharaohs* Cedars; *Davids* Cave in the Deſert more ſafe then the Towers of *Saul*; *Elijahs* Raven a more comfortable purveyour then all the Officers of *Jezabel*; *Micaiahs* priſon was the Guard-chamber of Angels, when *Ahabs* preſence was the Counſel-chamber of evil ſpirits; *Jeremiahs* Dungeon had more true light of comfort, then the ſhining ſtate of *Zedekiah*; *Daniel* was better guarded with the Lions, then *Darius* and the Medean Princes with their Janizaries; *Johns* head was more rich with the crown of his Martyrdom, then *Herods* with the Diadem of his Tetrarch; Chriſt at the Bar gave life and being to *Pilate* on the Bench, gave motion to thoſe hands that ſtruck him, to that tongue that condemn'd him, and in the mean while gave ſentence on the judge: the Diſciples were better pleaſed with

their ſtripes, then the Jewiſh Elders with their proud Phylacteries. After this, who that had ſeen the Primitive Chriſtians, ſome broiled on Gridirons, others boyl'd in lead, ſome roaſted, others frozen to death, ſome flead, others torn with horſes, ſome craſht in pieces by the teeth of lions, others caſt down from high rocks to the ſtakes, ſome' ſmiling on the wheel, others in the flame, all wearying their Tormentours, and ſhaming their Tyrants with their patience, would not have ſaid, of all things I would not be a Chriſtian?

Yet even this while were theſe poor torturing ſtocks higher then their perſecutours, dying victors, yea victors of death, never ſo glorious as when they began not to be; in gaſping crowned, in yielding up the ghoſt more then conquerours. Judge not therefore according to appearance: Afflictions they are the lot of Gods people here, their crown is hereafter, and by them are they fitted for the crown. Iron is never cleaner, then when it comes out of the furnace; nor brighter, then when it hath been under the ſharp teeth of the file.

The

The ſun never ſhines clearer, then when it comes from under a cloud; no coal more hot, then that which hath been cover'd with aſhes. Though innocency be ſhaded in the obſcurity of priſons, yet nevertheleſs ſhe comes forth in triumph, radeating with glory. *God chaſtiſeth every ſon whom he loveth*; the Son of his love was perfected by afflictions, he bore his Croſs before he wore his Crown: The ſtones of the Temple were firſt hewen in the mountain before they were ſet in the building: The ſacrifices of the Law were firſt ſlain before they were offered: The veſſels of the Sanctuary were firſt to paſſe the fire before they were put to any ſervice; ſo muſt Gods lively ſtones, [1 *Pet.* 2. 5.] reaſonable ſacrifices, [*Rom.* 12. 1.] veſſels of honour, [2 *Tim.* 2 22.] paſs the hammer, the knife, and the fire of affliction, before they can be fit for the maſters uſe. God if in his divine wiſdom he thought it beſt for us, could bring his ſervants to glory without theſe trialls, but that after our troubles here we ſhall be the better able to prize our reſt hereafter: ſhould we have a glut of proſpe-

rity here, we ſhould be ſo wedded to this world, that we ſhould not take pains to enquire after a better. Gods people never ſo devout, as when exerciſed with afflictions. *It is good for me that I have been in trouble* (ſaith *David*) *for thereby have I known thy ſtatutes*, Pſalm 119. 71. Adverſity, though it be more horrid in the view, yet proſperity is more dangerous in the in the event. A Summers ſun-ſhine is the mother of more diſeaſes then a winters Froſt; the one ſeeks to make a conqueſt on our Vertue by force, and that makes us (like a beſieged City) fortifie our ſelves more ſtrongly for a Reſiſtance; the other by the treaties of Peace, by the tribute of Gifts, ſeeks to bring our minds into ſervitude, and this melts our ſouls (our too too eaſie ſouls) into yelding. The fire burns hotter for being blown on by the cold winde, but the ſun ſhining on it well nigh puts it out: ſo Vertue flames more brightly being blown on by the cold winde of adverſity, but is extinguiſht by the ſun-ſhine of proſperity, like lime which is ſet on fire with water, and (as ſome report) is quenched

quenched with oyl. That prosperity doth draw more to ruine then adversity doth drive, the Prophet *David* intimates where he sayes, *A thousand shall fall besides thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand.* There is ten to one whose vertue the right hand of prosperity doth choak more then the left hand of adversity doth starve. Afflictions are Gods troops (and he their Captain) intended for the perdition of the wicked, for the purgation of the godly; he will not lay any more on any of his servants then he shall enable them to bear; alas, the miseries of this life are not worthy of the felicities of the next, nor may these crosses stand in competition with that crown; nor are the greatest torments that can here be inflicted, comparable to those endless and insufferable tortures which the wicked shall be sensible of; the greatest that a Saint can suffer here is but the malice of men and devils, the damned in hell shall taste the wrath of the Almighty. The sufferings of the Saint and the triumphs of the sinner, are but for a moment, but the reward of the one, and the plagues of the other, are to eternity.

Suppose our life here, spread with roses, yet they are marcessible; and if with thorns, yet they are dying. The jewels of the Crown will receive a damp, and the terrors of the Cross will soon be at an end. Groans and joyes in this life are both expiring, our troubles and our triumphs have both their setting. The distresses of the world are a short and a sudden tempest, and the delights of it are a shedding flower. Now (as an elegant Writer observes) who would not rather endure the Hell of a few dayes miseries here, and enjoy the Heaven of eternal happiness hereafter, then enjoy the Heaven of a few days pleasure here, and endure the eternal miseries of Hell hereafter. Temporal pleasures are dearly bought with the loss of eternal, and temporal sufferings are well requited with eternal pleasures. That is a miserable happiness that must end in such miseries as must never end, and those are happy miseries that shall soon end in endless happiness. This life is but a journey towards death, and but a short one; and death is yet a shorter passage to a longer and a better life. That life

of

of joyes is worth the wiſhing that ſhall never have an end, and that end of our life is full as worthy of our wiſhes that ſhall begin the joyes of that endleſs life; and that end muſt be ere long, for life is ſhort. *Man that is born of a woman is but of few dayes, and full of trouble:* He is of few dayes, that he might not live too long in trouble; and his dayes are full of trouble, that he might not long for more of them then a few. Mans dayes are full of trouble, that a few might ſerve his turn, and make him wearry of them; and his dayes of trouble are but few, that he might not be too much wearied with them. If it be mans miſery that his few dayes are full of trouble, 'tis Gods mercy that mans days of trouble are but few. The few dayes of mans life are full of trouble, that man might be daily minded of his duty, in ſeeking after another, a better life: and mans dayes of trouble are but few, that man may not be wearied ſo as to leave ſeeking for the other life, before that this doth leave him. What but the happineſs and glory of that better life held up the ſpirits of Gods afflicted ſervants

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in their greatest sufferings in this? 'Twas the recompence of reward that *Moses* had respect to, which made him spurn at the treasures of Egypt, and refused to be called the son of *Pharaohs* daughter, and to slight all the discouragements and afflictions which he here met with. Let the miseries therefore which accompany mortality wean us from all fondnesse towards this life present, and the felicity of life eternal make us the more earnestly to long after that. The thoughts of the Elizian happinesse did so encourage a poor Grecian (a meer Pagan) at the instant of his death, that he rejoyced much to think of going to *Pythagoras* and other learned Philosophers: to *Olympus* and other skilful Musicians, to *Hecateus*; and other approved Historians, to *Homer* the prince of Poets, and other famous Wits that were his followers; that Poetical Paradise the Elizian Field could make a Pagan give his *longum vale* to this present world with notable resolution, and shall not the real pleasures of the celestial Paradise, the fulnes of joy in the glorious presence of God, encourage a Christian at his death

death to depart as comfortably as a faithlesse Grecian? Shall fantasie in an Heathen be more powerful then faith in a Christian? Is not the company as good which we believe to be at Gods right hand, as that which he imagined to be in *Elizio campo*, and are not the joys as many and as great? Well therefore may a Saint chear up himself at his departure by thinking of his going to Saint *Peter*, Saint *Paul*, Saint, *James*, Saint *John*, and to all that glorious company of Apostles; and of his going to *Elias*, and *Elisha*, and *Isaiah*, and *Ezekiel*, and to *Daniel*, and all that goodly fellowship of the Prophets; and of his going to Saint *Stephen* the Proto Martyr, and to *Ignatius*, and to *Justinus*, and to our *Cranmer*, and our *Ridley*, and our *Hooper*, and our *Taylor*, and all that noble army of Martyrs; and of his going to that Reverend Patriarch *Abraham*, the father of the faithful, and to *Isaac*, and to *Jacob*, and to all the holy Patriarchs; and of his going to the holy Angels, and Arch-Angels, and Thrones, and Powers, and Principalities, and to the spirits of all just men made perfect. Who can think of,

of being thus transported, and not be transported with the very thoughts of it. Surely it must needs be a very consolatory *Viaticum* to the soul of a dying Saint, to think of exchanging Earth for Heaven, and the sordid company of sinners for the sweet society of Saints. And this is it which makes the Saint entertain death as a friend, whom the sinner fears as an enemy. The Saints of God in all Ages have lookt upon him as a friend, because by him they have been wafted to glory. *Moses* sing when he was told his last. *Elijah* had his *Sufficit*, he desir'd his God to take away his life. Old *Simeon* craved a dismission, and St. *Paul* a discharge. In the times of Persecution how did the Martyrs run in troops to the flames, even to the amazement and admiration of their Persecutours, which made a mortal Enemy to Christianity in the dayes of Queen *Mary* (who speaking of some of the Primitive Christians, and of the glorious Martyrs that then suffered) bade a vengeance on them, for he thought they took delight in burning, and that they long'd for death. I should swell this Volumn

too

too big, if I should here insert the last sayings of dying Saints, who expresst as much willingnesse to be disrob'd of their mortality, as ever they did to put off their cloaths to go to rest: And no marvel, for death to a righteous man is but as a door to let him into glory; to such endlesse glory, as I shall not here stand to insist of; for with a discourse of that everlasting happinesse I shall close the Book, and for the present leave it to fall on a worse Subject.

We'l now come to the sinner, who (as we have seen already) seems by his outward prosperity to be the onely happy man, as having the world at will, and all things in it at his command; but alas (notwithstanding all this) we shall finde that he and happiness are at a great distance, if we but seriously consider the shortness of his joyes, and the eternity of his miseries; that this is all the heaven he is ever like to have, he hath his portion in this life, and these short pleasures to end in endless torments. This world, as it is a School to the Saint, so a Stall to the Sinner; it fits the one for a Fellowship in the New

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Jeruſalem, and fats the other for an eternal ſlaughter: here the Saint ſuffers a while to be eternally happy, and here the ſinner flouriſhes for a moment to be everlaſtingly miſerable. What more woeful then a ſinners welfare. It is for ſlaughter that the Oxe is fatned, eaſe ſlayes the ſimple, and the proſperity of fools ſhall deſtroy them, they ſpend their dayes in wealth, and end their dayes in woe; their merry dance determines in a miſerable downfall; the ſinners cup of honey is mixt with dregs of gall. He loves his belly well that with *Eſau* will ſell his birth-right for Pottage. I had rather beg my bread with *Lazarus*, then my water with *Dives*. In what ſlippery places hath God ſet wicked men? He that now thinks himſelf as high as heaven, knows not how ſoon he ſhall be laid as low as hell; and he that is now carouzing and quaffing with his dammy Blades, and pampering his guts with the left hand bleſſings, knows not how ſuddenly he ſhall be plac't at the left hand of that Judge, who ſhall give to all their right, and ſend him and his crew to yell out their late Lamentations

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in *Tophet*. *Zophar* (though none of the beſt men himſelf) could tell *Job*, *that the triumphing of the wicked is but ſhort, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment*, like the thorns in the fire, the bubble in the water, the flowers in the earth, or the clouds in the air, they blaze and conſume, they flouriſh and fade, they vaniſh and fly away. A candle burns more brightly, when neareſt the end, and the wicked are in greateſt pomp, when neareſt their ruine; witneſſe thoſe ſad examples of *Abſalon*, *Jezabel*, *Haman*, *Herod*, &c. ſo that his joyes here are but like a fit of muſick before a fearful execution, or a *Syrens* ſong before a diſmal ſtorm; and of the ſhort time he hath here to frollick it, how often is he diſquieted by Gods judgements from without, and by his own conſcience from within. Firſt from without, God oftentimes meets with the ſinner here, to put him in minde of what he ſhall feel hereafter; and that if he will not take warning by this, he ſhall be paid to purpoſe in a worſe place. As a Saint looks upon afflictions from God as the gentle chaſtiſements of a loving Father;

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the sinner looks upon them as the severe punishments of an angry Judge, and as a sad presage or preface of those insufferable miseries he shall finde in hell. 2. From within his guilty conscience oftentimes proves as a cord to strangle his joyes, and to mar his mirth. Did not *Josephs* Brethren experiment this in *Egypt*, and *Ahab* in his house of Ivory, and *Belshazar* amidst his sensualities; this is it that tells him of his past offences, and future miseries, which so much distracts him, that it makes him afraid both of himself and others, ever fearful lest some just hand should cut off his happinesse with his life. Our *Richard* the Third after the murther of his two innocent Nephews had fearful dreams, insomuch, that he did often leap out of his bed in the dark, and catching his sword, (which alwayes naked stuck by his side) he would go distractedly about the chamber, every where seeking out the cause of his own occasioned disquiet. And *Charles* the Ninth of *France*, after the Parisian Masacre, was so inwardly terrified, that he was every night laid to sleep, and wakened again

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with a ſet of Muſicians. Alas what happineſſe is it to have a houſe of Cedar adorn'd both within and without with beaten gold, to have his cheſts lin'd with the Gold of *Ophir*, to have the richeſt Robes that ere the ſun ſhin'd on, the largeſt Wardrobe, the coiceſt Cates, and the moſt deſir'd delights, that his way were ſpread with Roſes, and pav'd with Diamonds, when his roof is open to the thunderbolt of Heaven, and has a hell in his conſcience, and God for his enemy. But put the caſe the ſinner were not troubled with theſe outward calamities nor inward affrightments, yet he were (notwithſtanding this) ſtill miſerable; for in the higheſt exaltation of his mirth, the very name of death cools his courage, and ſtrikes him through with terrours; he would not (if he might have his will) ever part with this world, (for he knows that there is nothing of happineſs to be found for them in the next) he could with all his heart accept of St. *Peters* motion, to build Tabernacles here, and live for ever; but alas that muſt not be, for put the caſe he ſees many go before him, his turn will

will come shortly after, old age will soon seize upon him, when his feet will be full of gouts, his back full of pain, his heart full of sorrow, and his soul full of sin, and now all his happiness is blown over, as though it had never been; or if he could call to minde his past felicities, the thoughts of them would be so far from administering any comfort to him, that it would but distract him; and he does now begin to wish he had never been born, or else a longer lease of his life. 'Tis storied of *Lewis* the Eleventh King of *France*, that he was so wedded to this life, that he prohibited the mention of the word Death in his Court; but alas death regards not the threats of Princes, nor the tears of Peasants. The stoutest man and greatest Monarch that ever was, hath been forc't to submit to him and his messengers. The honourable Garter cannot cure the Gout, nor the Chair of State ease the Chollick, nor a golden Diadem remove the headache. *Nugas* the Scythian despising the rich presents and ornaments that were sent unto him by *Michael Paleologus* Emperour

rour of *Conſtantinople*, askt whether thoſe things could drive away calamities, diſeaſes, or death. No, this they cannot do, as *Henry Beauford* (that rich and wretched Cardinal) found by woful experience in the dayes of *Hen.* 6. who perceiving death at hand, askt wherefore he ſhould dye, being ſo rich: if the whole Realm will ſave my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it; Fie (quoth he) will not death be hired, will money do nothing. No, money in this caſe bears no maſtery, death (as the Jealous man) will not regard any ranſom, neither will he reſt content though thou offer many gifts, [*Prov.* 6. 25.] 'Twas but a vaine conceit of one who when he heard that his ſickneſs was deadly, and that he was for another world, call'd for a bag of gold and laid to his heart, (as if that which had ſolely ſwayed him in his life to the committing of many prepoſtrous actions, ſhould now do ſomething for him) but he finding no eaſe by it, threw it away, crying it would not do. Nor was he leſs ridiculous, who being ready to expire, clapt a twenty ſhillings piece of

of gold in his mouth, ſaying, ſome wiſer then ſome, Ile take this with me howſoever: alas, he and his gold muſt now periſh together, death ſhews him a diſmal change; for now *Balaam* and his Bribes, *Belſhazzar* and his Bowls, *Dives* and his Diſhes, *Herod* and his Harlots, the Uſurer and his Bills, the Merchant and his Meaſures ſhall part aſſunder for ever, which made one that was ready to breath his laſt call for his bags of money, and ſadly took his leave of them in theſe words; Ah! I muſt now leave you, there is no remedy. I tremble to think in how ſad a manner the wicked leaves the world, to think what a ſad fit of trembling doth ſurprize him, when the cruel Sergeants and mercileſs Officers of the King of Terrors do arreſt him (as it were) in the Devils name, when death ſhall come with a writ of *Habeas corpus*, and the Devil with a writ of *Habeas animam*, when the cold Earth muſt have his Body, and hot Hell hold his Soul; Reader, now tell me which is the happieſt man. *Adrian* the Emperour when his ſoul was ready to fly from his body, beſpake it thus, *O animula, vagula, blandula,*

dula, quæ jam abibis in loca: Poor forlorn soul, into what gloomy and dismal mansions art thou now departing; but of those Mansions in my next discourse. I shall now with a few words (to the Temporizing Professor, and my Readers in general) bring this to a conclusion.

First to the Temporizing Professor, you I mean that in all mutations will be men of the Times, (be they never so bad) and call those Men and Times blessed and glorious which make you gainers, that admire all men for their greatness, and conclude those to be hated of God that are despised of men, and censure all as Reprobates that are not of your spirit. You that pretend to such a transcendent measure of perfection, to such high notions and revelations, as if (with St. *Paul*) ye had been wrapt up into the third heaven, and understood more then all your forefathers did, as if Christ had led his Church in ignorance and blindness for 1600 years and upwards, till you came with your new Discoveries. You that have prated Religion out of the Nation, as if it consisted in nothing but words; and instead of practising the

Graces

of gold in his mouth, ſaying, ſome wiſer then ſome, Ile take this with me howſoever: alas, he and his gold muſt now periſh together, death ſhews him a diſmal change; for now *Balaam* and his Bribes, *Belſhazzar* and his Bowls, *Dives* and his Diſhes, *Herod* and his Harlots, the Uſurer and his Bills, the Merchant and his Meaſures ſhall part aſſunder for ever, which made one that was ready to breath his laſt call for his bags of money, and ſadly took his leave of them in theſe words; Ah! I muſt now leave you, there is no remedy. I tremble to think in how ſad a manner the wicked leaves the world, to think what a ſad fit of trembling doth ſurprize him, when the cruel Sergeants and mercileſs Officers of the King of Terrors do arreſt him (as it were) in the Devils name, when death ſhall come with a writ of *Habeas corpus*, and the Devil with a writ of *Habeas animam*, when the cold Earth muſt have his Body, and hot Hell hold his Soul; Reader, now tell me which is the happieſt man. *Adrian* the Emperour when his ſoul was ready to fly from his body, beſpake it thus, *O animula, vagula, blandula,*

dxla, quæ jam abibis in loca: Poor forlorn ſoul, into what gloomy and diſmal manſions art thou now departing; but of thoſe Manſions in my next diſcourſe. I ſhall now with a few words (to the Temporizing Profeſſor, and my Readers in general) bring this to a concluſion.

Firſt to the Temporizing Profeſſor, you I mean that in all mutations will be men of the Times, (be they never ſo bad) and call thoſe Men and Times bleſſed and glorious which make you gainers, that admire all men for their greatneſs, and conclude thoſe to be hated of God that are deſpiſed of men, and cenſure all as Reprobates that are not of your ſpirit. You that pretend to ſuch a tranſcendent meaſure of perfection, to ſuch high notions and revelations, as if (with St. *Paul*) ye had been wrapt up into the third heaven, and underſtood more then all your forefathers did, as if Chriſt had led his Church in ignorance and blindneſs for 1600 years and upwards, till you came with your new Diſcoveries. You that have prated Religion out of the Nation, as if it conſiſted in nothing but words; and inſtead of practiſing the Graces

Graces of the Spirit, as Faith, Repentance, Humility, Charity, &c. ſtudied nothing but needleſs and unneceſſary Queſtions, not at all tending to Edification but Vain glory, which have enlarg'd the Breaches of the Church inſtead of cloſing them up; Remember that God is juſt as well as merciful, and though he ſpares you long, will pay you at laſt; and though you feed your ſelves like porkets with the fat things of the world, a time will come when you ſhall caſt it up again, and all your hypocriſie ſhall be unmaskt and unvail'd both to Angels and men: Humble your ſelves therefore under the mighty hand of God, leſt for your pride God inflicts on you the ſaddeſt Judgement that is mention'd in the Book of God, of being deliver'd over to a Reprobate ſenſe: Oh take heed that Satan couzen you not to hell, and there twit you as he did *Saul* in *Samuels* mantle, when there is no place for repentance. You know what a plauſible ſpeech he made in the mouths of *Ahabs* Prophets, when he tic't that King to his ruine; have a care that ye are not condemn'd one day for condemning others,

others, and ſpued out of the Bridegrooms mouth for your lukewarnneſſe: think not me your enemy for telling you the truth, be not *Solomons* fools to hate inſtruction, better repent theſe things here then in a worſe place; conſider ſeriouſly the foregoing Diſcourſe, take notice of the ſad *exit* of wicked men, that the doleful ſound of their ſad and too late Repentance, may ſeaſonably caution you by their harms to beware. One word more, think not without Repentance ever to arrive at Glory; there's no going to heaven on beds of doun, you have more cauſe to fear exchanging doun pillows for beds of flames: there's no leaping from *Dives* his diet to *Lazarus* his crown, nor from *Dalilahs* lap to *Abrahams* boſom.

Laſtly, To my Readers in general, Let me caution you to take notice of Gods Omnipotency, Omniſciency, and Juſtice, and our own Mortallity, and theſe ſeverally and ſeriouſly conſidered, may be a motive to ſtartle us from the very thoughts of thoſe ſins that we commit with greedineſs.

Firſt, his Omniſciency, Remember that

he is an all-seeing God that discovers all our actions and beholds all our wayes, to whom the day and the night, the darkness and the light are both alike. If we dare not commit our beastly sins before the eyes of men, how dare we presume to commit them before him that is able everlastingly to damn us, and throw our souls into Tophets endless flames.

Secondly, his Omnipotency, Let us adumbrageously fancy (as one hath it) the Firmament to be his face, the all-seeing Sun his right eye, the Moon his left, the Winds the breath of his nostrils, the Lightning and Tempests the troubled actions of his ire, the Frost and Snow his frowns, that Heaven is his throne, the Earth his footstool that he is in all things, that his Omnipotency fills all the vacuities of Heaven, Earth, and Sea; that by his power he can ungirdle and let loose the seas impetuous waves to orewhelm and bury this lower Universe in their vaste wombs in a moment; that he can let drop the Azure Canopy, (which hath nothing above it, whereto it is perpendicularly knit) or hurl thunderbolts through the

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tumerous clouds, to paſh us precipitate through the center into the loweſt dungeon of hell; and that all the creatures in their ſeveral ranges are as ſo many Regiments of the great King, and that with the meaneſt of theſe he can avenge himſelf on ſinners, as he did on *Pharaoh, Herod*, &c.

In the next place let's acknowledge his Juſtice. Remember that he is a jealous God, a perfect hater of ſin, and will bring every work to judgement.

And laſt of all, that we take notice of our own Mortality, and let the thoughts of that debar us from ſinning; we know not whether we ſhall live to ſee another day, and ſhall we be found ſinning on our laſt. Let the uncertainty of that which will certainly once come, put us in a poſture of preparation for its coming; and ſince that upon this moment depends our either everlaſting woe or welfare, let's loſe no time: For as the Poët no leſs ſweetly then diſcreetly ſung, who knows o're night that he next morn ſhall breath. Therefore take *Davids* early in the morning, not the Devils ſtay till to morrow; think

not to be accepted in thy makers presence one day, if thou crammest the devil with thy sap of strength & full gorge him with the purest fruits of thy sinewy virility; if at last (when thou art not able to do God or the devil service) thou comest limping on Times tottering Crutches to present unto him the offall husks and morosity of thy doting decrept age. Think every day thy last, and spend it as if it were so; for we know that God will bring us to judgement: yet we know not when, nor in what year, nor in what moneth of the year, nor in what week of the moneth, nor in what day of the week, nor in what hour of the day, nor in what minute of the hour, nor in what moment of that minute; for he will come like a thief in the night suddenly, before with a wink thou canst lock up thine eye, or within thy brain create the nimblest thought; the apprehension of which must needs stir us up to live in Gods fear, so shall we dye in his favour, and rest in his peace, and rise in his power, and reign (with him) in his glory, world without end.

Godliness

Godliness bearing its Rewards with it, both here and hereafter; and Sins pursuit of the Sinner to the other World. Of the last Judgement, and those succeeding Events that ensue thereupon.

A Meditation on 1 *Tim.* 4. 8.

HAppinesse is the mark and center which every man aims at, the next thing that is sought after being, is being happy; where *David* begins his Psalms, we all hope to end (and that's with blessednesse) and no way to reach that but holiness. That holinesse is the way to happinesse, or that the godly man is the truly happy man, I have already sufficiently manifested in my last Discourse, and therefore shall be the more sparing here in my Allegations: (for I would not take the pains o're again to prove what is proved

already) but happineſſe is ſuch a ſubject, that I could willingly dwell upon, and fill a large Volumn with a diſcourſe upon it, (deſiring that my portion may reſt here) but I am confin'd to ſuch narrow limits, both of time and paper, that I cannot inſiſt long on any one particular; I ſhall therefore briefly ſtrike at that which is here chiefly intended, and before I have worn my Readers patience quite out, ſhall draw to a concluſion. That the godly man is the happy (and onely happy) man will be further manifeſted in the end, (after the end of all things) but firſt in this life we will prove him happy here, as well as hereafter, (in this world as well as the world to come) though not ſo happy here as there. Neither proſperity nor adverſity can come amiſſe to him, though the times vary, his happineſſe is ſtill the ſame, (like his God that changes not) all things ſtill work together for good to him; and albeit he hath no perogative above the ſinner from thoſe two beds of mankinde, (of ſickneſſe and the grave) his priviledge lies another way. No Kings (except ſuch) hath like perogative

gative to the Saints; God is their Father, Christ their Brother, the Holy Ghost their Comforter, Angels their Guardians, Saints their Associates, Death their desire, the Grave their rest, the Bar their joy, God their portion, the Trinity their propriety, Heaven their home, Eternity their term; before death their perogative is much, at it more, after it most; but from death and diseases none, by death they have, from it not. Put the case that God permits wicked men to ride over him, and men and devils to use their utmost extremity to him, which is to put his dayes to a shameful and a painful period (for the shame Christ hath taken that away, and for the pain that will soon end in endlesse pleasures,) what unhappinesse in this, when all they do or can do, is but to open the prison-doors of his body to let out his soul to fly to rest; from the labour of the servant to the joy of the master, from the work to the reward, and from the crosse to the crown; there to solace it self in those rivers of pleasures at Gods right hand, whilest his precious ashes are preserved as in a safe store-house, till the last trum-

pet ſhall ſhall alarm it, to give its beloved companion the meeting to be made eternally happy together, never to part more, (a Saint at his death is aſſured that a few moments will bring his departing ſoul to endleſſe happineſſe, and that Angels attend him to do their office of wafting it into *Abrahams* boſom.) And now judge Reader, whether I may not upon good conſideration ſay, that godlineſſe is gain. I know there are ſome (and they ſuch whoſe hopes extend not further then this life) that invert this ſaying, and tell us that gain is godlineſs, and no happineſſe without gain, (their ſordid gain) and albeit I have ſufficiently exploded this errour in my laſt Diſcourſe, I ſhall now notwithſtanding more fully (if that may be) give a confutation in this, as ye will the more clearly apprehend, if ye minde the concluſion. The longeſt day will have a night, and the longeſt life will have an end. Let the ſinner live as long as he can, a miſerable period will at laſt be put to his ſinful dayes, and that period will decide this controverſie. Thoſe who in their life were the *Diana's* of the people, that

that seem'd the most high and happy, will at their death (but more clearly afterward) appear most miserable, as they have spent their dayes in the unprofitable works of darkneſſe, ſo they ſhall finde but an unprofitable reward for their works, (they ſhall for their paine meet with ſuch pains as ſhall never have a period.) The Devil comes now to expect his due, (that as he was their ſlave for a time upon earth, they may eternally be his vaſſals in a worſe place) that as they did the works of darkneſſe, and workt for the Prince of darkneſſe, now receive their portion in utter darkneſſe. There's no denying or forſwearing of bargains, no talk of circumventing this experienced Politician, the richeſt preſents, nor the loudeſt cryes, nor the ſaddeſt tears, nor the greateſt threats, nor the humbleſt intreaties ſhall not ſerve the turn. The uſurers gold cannot ranſome him, nor the mighty mans honour priviledge him; thoſe that ſhut up their bowels of compaſſion from others, ſhall finde nothing but tyranny from him. Here the luxurious Epicure, that through the five Senſes (which are

the cinque ports, or rather the sinners ports of the soul) did gulp down delightful sin like water, shall now finde that those pleasant dayes are now blown over, and that the end will prove them, like the Angels book, sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the bowels, in that he must in few moments be wafted to remorselesse flames. Here the gorbellied Mammonist that piled up huge masses of refulgent earth, purchased by all unconscionable courses, shall have nothing left but a coffin and winding sheet, and which is worst of all, a guilty conscience; now all his fair pretences and apologies will be but like characters drawn upon the sands, or arrows shot up to heaven ward, they cannot release him from Satans inexpiable Servitude. Deaths warrants run very high, *Non omittas propter ullum libertatem*, attache them where ever thou findest them, there are no places in the world free from the arrests of death, and when once this grim Serjeant death hath arrested their bodies, their souls must be presently sent to the bar of judgement for particular sentences; then *ullum*

exit,

erit, (as one hath it) the matter will be past cure now, the day-book of their own consciences will be produced as a thousand witnesses against them, for there the debt of sin is scored up, and never to be crost, till expung'd by repentance, (which is now too late to speak of) and now shall not the Judge of all the world do right? Yes surely, and he will give the Devil his due; as the Devil bought their souls, so he must now have them. The Devil is the Jaylour of Hell, and thither the Judge commands them: Take them Jaylour, saith the Judge, take them Devil, and keep them till the general Judgement, that then their miseries may be compleated; and suffer in soul and body as they sinned in both.

The end comes when the earth shall tremble, and the foundations of the hills shall be shaken; when the Sun shall be turn'd into darkness, and the Moon into blood, to usher in the coming of that day; at which time, how wilt thou be beleagur'd with anguish and horror, when thou shalt behold with thy mortal eyes the Cataracts of Heaven unsluced,

and

and hushing showers of sulphrous fires disperse themselves through all the corners of the Earth and Air, the whole universe o're-canoped with a remorseless flame; when thou shalt see the great and glorious Judge appear triumphantly in the Skies, whilest mighty winged clouds with devouring flames fly before him, as ushers to his powerful and terrible Majesty, attended with innumerable multitudes of beautiful Angels, golden wing'd Seraphims and Cherubims sounding their shrill alarms; whose clamorous tonges shall affright the empty air, and call and awake the drouzie Dead from their dark and duskie cabbins; when thou shalt see the dissipated bones of all Mortals since the creation (concatinate and knit in their proper and peculiar form) amazedly start up, and in numberless troops flock together, all turning up their wondering eyes to gaze upon their high and mighty Creator. When thousand thousands shal minister unto him, & ten thousand times ten thousand stand before him, the Thrones set for judgement, and the Books opened, and nothing remain, *but a fearful expectation and looking for of judgement,*

judgement, and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. Then will thy Conscience recommemorate a fresh thy past committed sins, and with the coroding sting of guilt stab through thy perplexed soul. Then indeed to be nothing were something, but that will not be, for Justice must now exact to the utmost farthing. 'Twill be too late to wish the mountains to fall upon thee, for they themselves would (if possible) for fear shrink into their center. Alas, it cannot then be available to wooe the Waters to swallow thee, for they would be glad to exclaim their liquid substance, and be reduc't to a nullity. What will it boot thee to intreat the Earth to entomb thee in her darkish womb, when she her self will struggle to remove her local residence, and to fly from the presence of the great Judge. The Air cannot muffle thee in her foggy vastity, that will be clearly refin'd, there's celestial flames uncontaminated with humane pollution, so that thou must be forc't to appear before a most severe Judge, carrying in thy own conscience thy Indictment ready written, and a perfect Regi-

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ster of all thy misdeeds. When thou shalt see him that was once a Saviour, now a Judge (whose Knowledge is infallible, whose Power is infringible, and his Justice inflexible) of exceeding dreadful Majesty, clothed in glorious apparel, and his body shining through it like sparkling diamonds, his eyes like burning lamps, his face like flashing lightning, his arms and legs like inflamed brass, his voice like the shout of a multitude (or of many waters) prepared (for thy idle words, evil deeds, time misspent, and talent ill govern'd) to pass the sentence upon thee, against whom thou hast transgressed; and he thy umpire, whom by many offences thou hast made thine enemy. And in order to a full and clear accomplishment of Justice, a final separation shall be made, (no hypocrite shall closely lurk here among the Saints (the Gold shall be taken from the Dross, and the Silver from the Tin, the Tares from the Wheat, and the Corn from the Chaff, the Sheep from the Goats, the Vile from the Precious, and the Elect from the Reprobates, and plac't on each side the Judge; those on the left hand, to be doom'd

doom'd to everlaſting puniſhment, and thoſe on the right, to life eternal. How will it then perplex thy afflicted ſoul, to ſee thoſe on the Judges right hand, whom thou contemneſt as inferiour to the dogs of thy flock, who ſhall now be one of that Jury that ſhall confirm thy condemnation, and applaud the ſentence of the Judge: here ſhall be a general Audit, the Widows tears, and the Orphans cryes, ſhall be here regarded; what wouldſt thou now give for a good conſcience, that were a jewel of price; then Chriſtian graces ſhall be more precious then natural gifts. There the fooliſh and dumb may be more happy then the wiſe and eloquent; there the ignorant Ruſtick may be preferred before the knowing Philoſopher, and the mean Beggar before the mighty Prince, and the ſimple and ignorant before the witty and ſubtle. There ſimple obedience ſhall be found better then cunning hypocriſie, a clear conſcience more pleaſant then profound Philoſophy, zealous prayers of more worth then fine tales, and good works more acceptable then ſweet words; then ſhall the poor and

meek.

meek triumph, and the proud ſhake and tremble; then ſhall the memory of miſery be ſweet, (becauſe they are paſt) and the thoughts of pleaſure be ſad, (becauſe they are all blown over.) The godly ſhall rejoyce, and the reprobate howl; then ſhall baſe apparel be glorious, and proud attire infamous; then ſhall all black and diabolical deſigns perpetrated in darkneſſe be made viſible, and the moſt retiredſt actions and tranſactions that ever were huddled up in the world (with the greateſt privacy) be expoſed to the open view both of men and Angels. Then if ever (as one ingeniouſly hath it) naked breaſts and black ſpots ſhall be in faſhion, when all things ſhall be naked and bare, and the ſinner appear like the Leopard full of ſpots.

Then ſhall it appear who have been the Idolaters, whoſe God was their belly, and gold their hope, and fleſh their arm, that with the French fool would not have left their part in *Paris* for their part in Paradiſe.

Then ſhall it appear who have been the ſwearer and common perjur'd perſons, who have ſet a brazen face on a bad

bad matter, and gilded a falshoood with an oath of sanctity, (though it proceeded from the father of lies, whither they are going.)

Then shall it appear who have been the *Ahabs* that have killed *Naboth* for his vineyard, and who the *Ishmaels* (the make-bates) that hated their brethren with a perfect hatred, (whose hand was against every man, and every mans hand against them.)

Then shall it appear who have been the *Machiavels* that have neglected those pretious opportunities Providence put into their hands, to advance the glory of God, and the good of Nations, for their own base interests, (raising themselves out of the ruine of thousands.)

Then shall it appear who have lorded it over their brethren, (more righteous then they) and maliciously persecuted, (for no other cause then filthy lucre sake) to the temporal undoing both of them and their posterity. (If any that read this Book (as 'tis possible some may, with prejudice against the Author) are guilty of this, let them respect me

for

for giving them this timely advice aforehand.)

Then shall it appear who have been the nice Non-conformist, that not out of tenderness of conscience, or zeal to Gods Glory, but for sedition sake and vain glory would be of the singular number.

Then shall it appear who have under pretences of zeal jugled their brethren out of their estates, and term'd those malignant, whom the righteous Judge shall proclaim the contrary.

Then shall it appear who have been at the charge of clothing with silk and gold the images of men, and let the poor go naked who is the image of God.

Then it shall appear who have worn a cross on the belly, while the belly was an enemy to the Cross of Christ.

Then shall it appear who have slily slided into Brothel-houses in the dark to commit their obscenities, and return'd unseen (of men) and presently busied with their *Pater nosters*, and who have maintain'd those Shambles of forbidden flesh with their Pimps, Panders, &c. and other deviliſh and unquoth titles which

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then ſhall be known.

Then ſhall it appear who have blinded the eye of Juſtice with bribes, and ſhut their ears againſt the clamorous cryes of the innocent; that made the Law a noſe of wax to turn and faſhion to their own private ends, to the diſparagement of Juſtice, and lamentable ſubverſion of many an honeſt and upright Cauſe: their quirks, dilatory demurs, conveyances and connivances cannot quit them; for now whether they will or no, they muſt be removed with a Writ into the loweſt and darkeſt dungeon of damnation. For no bribes ſhall be taken in this Court, (here ſhall Juſtice be obtain'd without money) no relations ſhall take place here, (for there ſhall be no reſpect of perſons with this Judge) the great Jehovah ſhall now judge the world in righteouſneſs, [*Acts* 17.31.]

Set now before thine eyes therefore that which thou muſt then ſet before them, when thy ſelf ſhall be ſet before ſo terrible a Tribunal; above thee an angry Judge, before thee the Books of Indictments, at thy right hand the Devils accuſing and calling for ſentence, (which

Juſtice

Justice cannot deny) at thy left hand the world of wicked ones howling, behinde thee the Angels guarding and presenting thee in Court, within thee thy conscience gnawing, without the world flaming, beneath Hell yauning and gaping wide for thee as an eternal and irrecoverable morsel; when to appear will be intollerable, to be hid shall be impossible. O the horror of that day of that sentence, Go ye cursed (what doom so great great as this, depart from peace, from life, from hope, from possibility of being any other then eternally exquisitely miserable; 'tis pain to mention these woes, 'tis more then death to fell them) into hell; take him Devils, binde him hand and foot, cast him into utter darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth for ever: shut on him, seal to him the eternal impregnable doors of vengeance; Rouze up your selves hellish furies, horrors, fears, agonies, madness, vexations, despisers, never dying worm, and the ever burning fires. According to the several degrees of vanity, let several degrees of tortures and torturers, devils and devilish plagues malacte and tor-

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ment them; let no eye pitty them, and let their vain eyes be put out in obscure darkness, see nothing but infernal visions; the vain ear hear nothing but shrieks and derided cryes of the tormented; let loathsom brimstone fill the sent, and let the flesh (that before embracing and embraced vain wanton touches) be food, stubble, fuel, to a never quenched fire, within, without, every way, in body, soul, conscience; Let vanity kindle those flames which are easeless, endless, remedilesse, *Sit mors ipsa immortalis.* (Had we now but a glimpse of those miseries, and did but hear the incessant groans of those dying ones, and had but the least sense of those torments for a moment, we should soon guess what it were to live with everlasting burn[illegible] the thoughts of which would [illegible] divorce 'twixt us and our most beloved sins, which are hells fuel (as one calls them) that like *Samsons* foxes carry fire in the tail of it.) O forlorn and miserable wretch, to receive this fearful and irrecoverable sentence, when not onely Devils, but Saints and Angels shall plead against thee, and thy self (maugre thy self)

ſelf) be thy ſharpeſt appeacher! What wilt thou do in theſe dreadful exigents, when thou ſhalt ſee the gaſtly dungeon and huge gulf of Hell (*Ætna*-like) breaking out with moſt fearful flames, (yet perpetual darkneſs) when thou ſhalt ſee the weeping and gnaſhing of teeth, the rage of theſe helliſh monſters, the horror of the place, the rigor of the pain, the terror of the company, and the eternity of all theſe puniſhments: where the fire is unquenchable, and the pains unſupportable; (our fires here may be endured, that is intollerable; ours are for comfort, that for torment; ours muſt be fed or will go out, that burns continually without feeding; ours gives light, that none; ours conſumes the matter [illegible] the pain, that torments but never [illegible]ics to make the pain perpetual.) There idle perſons ſhall be prickt with burning forks, gluttons tormented with grievous hunger, Epicures and voluptuous perſons boyl in burning pitch and ſtinking brimſtone; the proud ſhall have ſhame, and the covetous miſerable penury; (then thou wilt be convinc't to believe (what before thou wouldſt never

never credit) that there is a Hell for sinners, as well as an Earth for men, a Firmament for stars, a Heaven for Saints, and a God in Heaven.) Then thou wilt wish (if wishing would do it) that thou hadst been created a loathsom toad, that thy miseries might have closed up with thy life, rather then to be dying perpetually and never dye; for when thou hast languisht in unexpressible agonies, tortures, gnashings, and horrid howlings ten thousand millions of years, thou shalt not reach a conclusion. 'Tis a sad (but certain) truth, that the damned in hell, after ten thousand thousand millions of ages they have suffered such torments, as none but one of those miserable tortur'd wretches are able to express, shall be as far from an end as they were at the beginning: That adjunct Eternal intimates such infinitness, as neither thought can attract, or supposition apprehend. (And further to amplifie it with the words of a worthy Authour) Though all the men that ever have or shall be created, were *Briarius*-like, hundred handed, and should all at once take pens in their hundred hands, and should

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do nothing else in ten thousand millions of years but sum up in figures as many hundred thousands as they could, yet never could they reduce to a total, or confine within number this tri-syllable word ETERNALL. The darkest Dungeon of Hell shall be the Reprobates everlasting Goal; as the chains shall never be loosened or fil'd off, so neither shall they change their dolefull habitation, but the same prison and wrack, the same place as well as degrees of torment shall shackle them to all eternity, they shall not change their *Tophet*, nor alter their bed of flames. The bodies of the damned (those deform'd cages of more deform'd souls) shall never be blest with a dissolution. Divine wrath shall make the bodies of the Reprobate like those stones which Naturalists speak of, that alwayes burn; they shall be butts for the arrows of Gods displeasure everlastingly to shoot at; the smoak of the lake shall not smother them, nor the flames of hell consume them, nor the least member twin'd into cinders by everlasting burnings. Their souls wax old, but never die, yet perpetually

tually dying, there they burn without consuming, there they mourn without compassion; here are torments without end, and beyond imagination; here fearful *Dives* that denied *Lazarus* a bit of bread, now begs a drop of water, (which is denied him) when whole rivers are not sufficient to extinguish his heat. Mercy smiles not on these dismal Mansions, the damned finde there's a God to punish, (that will see execution everlastingly performed) but none to pitty or ease those executions. O the misery of the damned, how intollerable, how incomprehensible, how unmeasurable! Who can tell how hot Gods wrath is, when turn'd into a flame, or can any weigh the torments of the damned, to say they rise to such a height? As they are unsupportable, so they shall be innumerable and inconceiveable: God will then draw his arrow to the head, and screw his wrath to an unconfin'd degree. What shall limit or be a bank to the inundations of Gods everlasting displeasure? Who knows how many drams of poison God will put into the cup of trembling which the wicked

muſt be drinking of for evermore. But not to undertake to expreſs thoſe inexpreſſible miſeries, or to be endleſſe in this endleſſe Subject, Ile leave theſe tortur'd wretches in the embraces of eternal flames, (wiſhing my ſelf nor Readers may ever give a *probatum eſt* to thoſe torments) and return to the Bar, and obſerve the ſentence, not of Malediction, but Abſolution; not a go, but come; not curſed but bleſſed, and poſſeſs the Kingdom: and now thoſe Saints which before ſaw but in part, and knew but in part, ſhall ſee and know God, and be known of him, when faith ſhall be turned into viſion, and hope into fruition. *Auguſtin* wiſht he might have ſeen three things before he died, *Rome* in its glory, *Paul* in the Pulpit, and Chriſt in the fleſh: the Saints ſhall ſee a better ſight, they ſhall ſee not *Rome*, but Heaven in its glory; they ſhall ſee not *Paul* in the Pulpit, but on the Throne, and ſhall ſit with him; they ſhall ſee Chriſts fleſh not vail'd with diſgrace, but in its ſpiritual embroidery, (as one hath it) not a crucified but a glorified body: *They ſhall ſee the King in his beauty*, Iſa 33. 17. They ſhall

shall know what those unseen things are, what those fruitions of glory, which free grace hath stretcht out to eternity, that unshaken and unshaking crown; what that everlasting joy they shall there partake of, that unfading happiness they are to flourish in to all eternity; that eternal house, for the security of it, [2 *Cor.* 5. 1.] the eternal glory, for the renown of it, [2 *Tim.* 2. 10.] that eternal inheritance, for the riches of it, [*Heb.* 9. 15.] that eternal redemption, for the love of it, [*Heb.* 9. 12.] that eternal salvation, for the seasonableſs of it, [*Heb.* 5. 9.] those glorious beatitudes which are reserv'd for believers entertainment, which shall never receive either damp or death, those rivers of pleasure that run at Gods right hand for evermore; they shall to their everlasting comfort finde that no sorrow or benight heaven, no grief shall thrust into the Brides chamber, nor shall any trouble overshadow the everlasting festival of the glorified ones; they shall weep no more (as one excellently hath it) unless it be for joy that they shall weep no more for grief: all cause of grief is far remov'd

from that preſence, they that enjoy it, enjoy with it an abſolute enfranchizement from all incumbrances and inconveniences. They are free from want, and free from war, and free from death, and free from devils; they are free from want, they can want nothing there, except it be want it ſelf; they may finde the want of evil, but never feel the evil of want; evil is but the want of good, and the want of evil is but the abſence of want. God is good, and no want of good can be in God; and what want can be endured in the preſence of God where no evil is, but all good; nor are they free from want onely, but wars too, with all the miſchiefs that are concommitant, and all the miſeries that are conſequent. The Kingdom of glory can never be turn'd into an *Aceldama*, no forreign enemy can invade it, nor homebred enemy infeſt the happineſs of it. *Moſes* and *Aaron* ſhall never be confronted there by any gain-ſaying *Corahs*, or mutinous *Abirams*, or complying *Dathans*, or any of their confederates. King *David* ſhall there be free from the pride of all ambitious *Abſolons*, from the

the preſumption of all ſeditious *Sheba's*, and from the wicked counſels of all contriving *Achitophels*. No curſing *Shimei's*, nor railing *Rabſhake's* ſhall come there to belch infectious gorges forth to poiſon the hearts of any ſubjects in that Kingdom of glory. No Polubragmatical Michiavelians nor crafty Boutefews ſhall interrupt that Kingdoms endleſſe peace. No bold *Sejanus* can inſinuate into that glorious preſence to corrupt it. No male-contented *Cataline* can lurk there, either to traduce the glorious Majeſty of the King of kings, or to ſeduce inferiour Officers. Nor is there any warlike Ammunition magazin'd there. No Civil Warrings can deſtroy that glorious Kingdom; nor can any factious Jarrings deface that glorious Church. No new-fangled Athenians, nor ſchiſmatical Corinthians can diſturb the unity or deſtroy the uniformity of that Church. No over-maſtering Pope nor undermining Jeſuit, no new Church-making Familiſt, nor no Church-making Atheiſt can gain ſuch favour or get ſuch footing there, as to eject the ſettled Saints and work the ruine of all the Church.

No ravenous Wolves in ſheeps clothing can creep by any Poſtern-gates into that fold, to flea or fleece the flock, and miſtake, feeding on them for feeding of them. Nothing that worketh any abomination can come there, and therefore every thing that tendeth towards the grand abomination of deſolation muſt needs be for ever excluded thence; the glory of all there muſt laſt for ever, and all in that glory muſt live for ever; being free from ſin, they ſhall be from death; from death ſpiritual in it, from death temporal by it, and from death eternal for it; that preſence of the ever-living God doth ſet them free from all for ever; there is no dying, they that are there, are ſure to live for ever; the glorified Saints ſhall never be reduc't to a nullity; thoſe crowned perſonages ſhall not be folded up in a confuſed Chaos, death has no power here, they are free from the ſting of death and from the ſtroke, free from all tendencies unto death, and from all fears of dying. Now who would not gladly live in ſuch a priviledg'd place, where that boldeſt Sergeant, Death, cannot come to arreſt. Such

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is the ſanctuary of Gods glorious preſence, that's free from all kinds of death, and free from unkinde Devils too, from Devils infernal, and Devils incarnate too.

No evil Angels can aſcend from the bottomleſs pit into the preſence, to tempt any there to ſin, nor helliſh Furies to torment for ſinning in times paſt No Devil of the lower hell nor any of this wicked world above it, can finde any entrance thither. There is indeed free quarter for Saints, but none for ſinners; the Free men of that City, and all the Denizons of that Kingdom, are always freed from all unwelcome troubleſome intruders; the ſpirit of ſtrife and debate can never thruſt the Devils myſterious cloven foot into that preſence to ſet Diviſions, to cauſe Diſtractions, to bring Deſtruction. No carnal pride can ever beget fond faſhioniſts in the ſtreets of that moſt holy City; nor ſpiritual pride breed up fantaſtical Faſhioniſts in thoſe Manſions. No hideous blaſphemies, nor filthy obſcenities, nor thumping oathes, nor helliſh curſings, nor peeviſh cenſurings, are uſed by any in that

presence: all profane and black-mouth'd monsters of men are exiled for ever from that society of Saints; and so are all insinuating Sycophants and false-hearted Pharisees: that place shall be free from all evil, or tending to it; no evil company, no evil by company, no company of evil; no devils, nor be devill'd men, no tempters, no tormentors, nor any other infernals; no devils incarnate, either white or black; no kinde of death, either temporal or eternal; no kinde of wars, no kinde of woes, no kinde of sufferings: surely they must needs be happy that are in such a case.

Yet let me tell you that it is not the absence of evil alone that can make a man truly and fully happy, it may cause some joy, but not the fulness of joy, till the affluence of all good things be enjoyed with it. Now in the glorious presence of God, there is not onely the absence of all evil, but the presence of all good: All things that are desirable are there, and all things there are desireable; there are profitable pleasures and pleasurable profits; things inconsistent here,

here, are all coincident there; thoſe gifts that go not here together, are all united there; thoſe comforts which are divided here in ſeveral ſtreams, do meet all there as in their fountain (or rather in the ocean.) No one here may look to enjoy all good things, but all there do ever ſo.

There are the precious Merchandices of all Cities, for that's the City of all precious Merchandices; there are the true Delights of all Countreys, for that's the true Countrey of all Delights. There are all the real Honours of the the Court that can never be loſt, and that's the right Court of Honour that can never be put down. There are all the true pleaſures of Paradiſe, for that's the true Paradiſe of all pleaſures. What does any of your ſouls take moſt delight in? what do you moſt of all deſire? there you may have it in the fulleſt meaſure, and there enjoy it in the fineſt manner.

There is to ſatisfie all deſires; do you deſire, or delight in Gold, or precious Stones, or coſtly Gems, or ſtately Palaces, there's a City of pure Gold, clear

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as cryſtal, walled, and gated, and garniſhed with Jaſpers, and Saphires, and all ſorts of Pearls and precious ſtones, as St. *John* deſcribes it, *Revel.* 21. 18. &c.

Or do you delight in glorious triumphs, and pompous ſhews; there are triumphs everlaſting, and the glory of all Nations ſhall flow into that City in triumphant manner, *Revel.* 21. 26. Or do you delight (as *Maſſiniſſa* and *Dioclefian* did) in curious Gardens, in fruitful Orchards, in healthful Walks, in pleaſant Fountains; there is the Celeſtial Paradiſe, wherein the moſt curious and nice, had he a hundred times as many eyes as *Argus*, might employ them all at once with various curioſities, and tranſcendent rarities. All thoſe admir'd Gardens of *Adonis*, and *Alcinous* of *Po.* and *Tantalus*, and the *Heſperides* could never boaſt (no not in any fiction of the Poets) of ſuch a living Fountain, as that which floweth in the middle of this Garden of Heaven, and affords the Water of life; nor yet of ſuch a Tree as that of Life, which bears twelve kinds of fruits, and brings forth every moneth,

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as Saint *John* expreſſes, *Revelations* 22. 1

Or do you delight in, or deſire peace, there can you never want it; that new *Jeruſalem* is the true *Jeruſalem*, the bliſsful viſion of Peace, a City at Peace, and unity in it ſelf. There endleſs triumphs of peace are ſolemnized by all the Citizens; that's the place of peace, there's the Prince of peace, the Authour of peace, the Maker, the Creatour of it. There's the full enjoyment of that mother bleſſing, and all other bleſſings with it, the true God of peace is there, and the true peace of God which paſſeth all underſtanding. Or do you deſire truth with peace, there are both together; the God of peace is the God of truth, and the truth of God is there revealed fully; the true worſhip of the moſt holy God is there eſtabliſhed, and the true God is worſhipped there in the beauty of holineſs. Or do you delight in the melody of curious muſick, there are ſoul-raviſhing Anthems chanted and warbled by the ſweeteſt of all the heavenly Quire in that Mother Church, that glorious Temple, Chriſts Church Triumphant,

phant. Or do you delight in eaſe and reſt from wearieſome labours, there the true Chriſtian Sabbath is kept holy, whereof our Sunday Sabbath is but an adumbration, or preparatory Eve. Jeruſalem below hath ſix dayes for working, for one Sabbath day for reſt; but Jeruſalem above is free to ſanctifie an endleſs Sabbath, as free from labour as from ſin.

Or do you delight in the preſence of great Perſonages, there is the mighty and Almighty Monarch of Heaven and Earth, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; and there is his ſecond ſelf, his onely begotten Son, the Son of his love, in whom he is well pleaſed, his right hand Favorite, his Chriſt our Lord and Jeſus in the height of his honour inveſted with power to unlock the Exchequer of his Fathers richeſt favours, with the key of his eternal merits, and to deal them forth in glory to thoſe that followed him in grace.

In a word, there are all ſorts of rich delights; that endleſs fountain can never be drawn dry, for there is all in all to draw them forth; there are ſoul-raviſh-

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ing joyes, and soul-admiring felicities, everlasting joyes, (without any interrupted mutation) such are those divine Raptures, which shall flow from that communion they enjoy in that glorious presence with unspotted Angels and glorified Saints. I shall shut up all in the words of the Apostle, [1 *Cor.* 2. 9.] *Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, or is it possible for the minde of man to conceive the glory that God hath laid up for them that love him.* It being beyond the power of Mortals to imagine the glory of that Kingdom, the brightness of that Diadem, and the splendour of that Crown, (which no hand of treason shall be ever able to take off the Wearers head.) Having now brought this happy Pilgrim to the New JERUSALEM, where I leave him to take his fill of those everlasting pleasures: To which place (through the merits of that all-sufficient and satisfactory Redemption) may I and my Readers in his good time arrive.

FINIS.